

THE LITTLE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN

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TALES OF LA FONTAINE, FAIRY REALM DON QUIXOTE BARON
MUNCHAUSEN CROQUEMITAINE, &c. &c.

WITH MEMOIR OF DORÉ, CRITICAL ESSAY, AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS

BY

EDMUND OLLIER.

VOL. III

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED

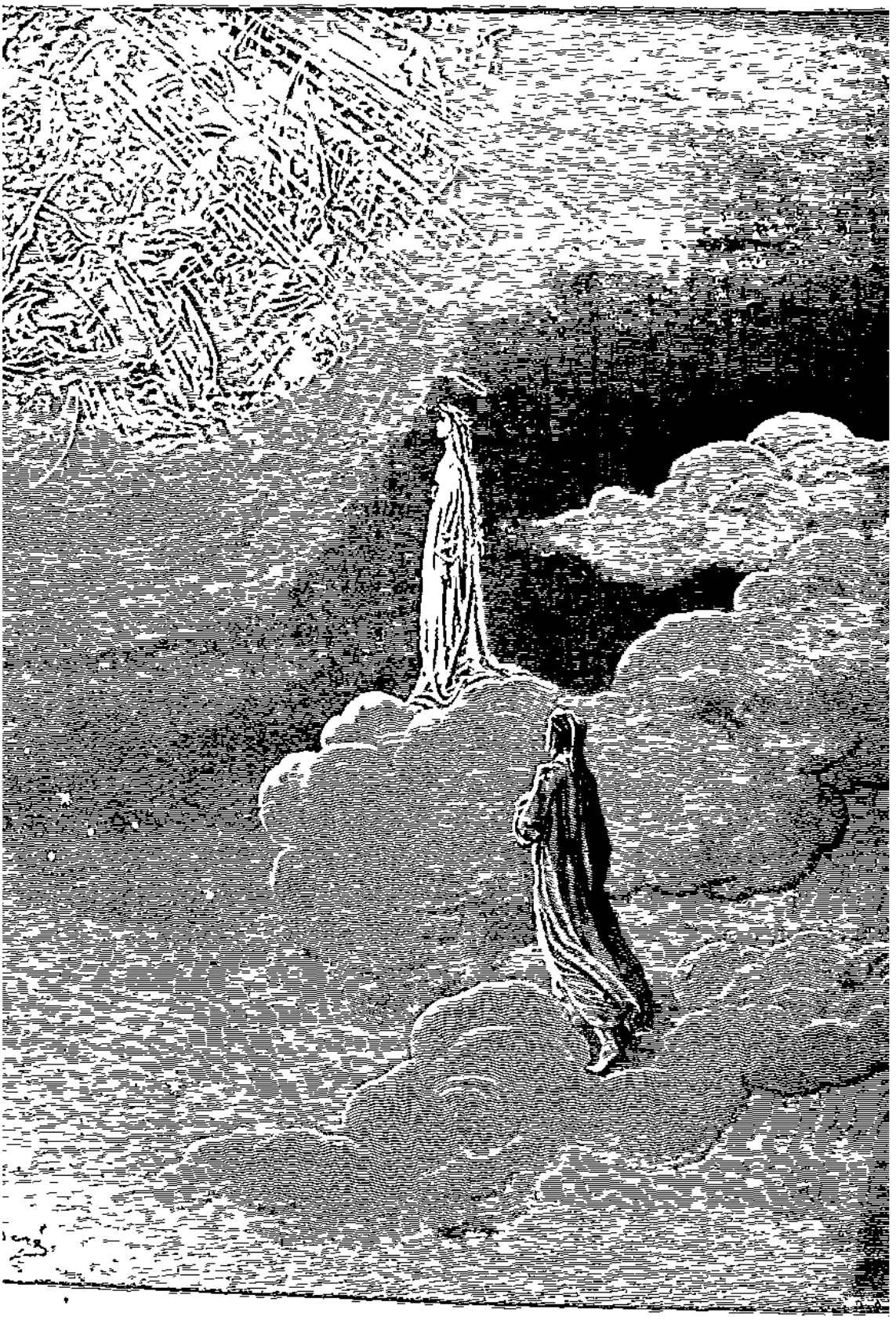
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BEATRICE AND DANTE RISING TO THE FIFTH HEAVEN

PLATE CXXV.

THE LITTLE FISH AND THE FISHERMAN (LA FONTAINE)

A LITTLE carp some half a summer old was caught by an angler As the latter was about to put it in his basket, the fish exclaimed, 'What on earth can you want with me? I am not half a mouthful Let me grow up, you can catch me when I'm bigger and then some rich epicure will give a high price for me As it is you'll want a hundred or two of my size to make a dish. And what will such a dish be worth when made? It will be good for nothing' "Good for nothing eh?" echoed the angler "We shall see. Your sermon, my little friend, pleases me exceedingly, but to night I will try how you eat"

Men of sense prefer the present to the future, for they are sure of the one, and not of the other.

PLATE CXXVI.

BEATRICE AND DANTE RISING TO THE FIFTH HEAVEN

AFTER staying a long while in the fourth heaven (the sun), Dante rises with Beatrice to the planet Mars, which forms the fifth heaven

"O genuine glitter of eternal Beam!
With what a sudden whiteness did it flow,
O'erpowering vision in me! But so fair,
So passing lovely, Beatrice show'd,
Mind cannot follow it, nor words express
Her infinite sweetness. Thence mine eyes regain'd
Power to look up, and I beheld myself,
Sole with my lady, to more lofty bliss
Translated for the star with warmer smile
Impurpled, well denoted our ascent.
'With all the heart, and with that tongue which speaks
The same in all, an holocaust I made
To God befitting the new grace vouchsafed
And from my bosom had not yet upsteam'd
The fuming of that incense, when I knew
The rite accepted. With such mighty sheen
And mantling crimson, in two listed rays
The splendours shot before me, that I cried,
'God of Sabaoth! that dost prank them thus!'"

Paradiso, Canto XIV. lines 71—89

The plate shows us the two figures of Beatrice and Dante floating upwards on soft cloud wreaths towards the rosy tinted planet, thronging with beatified spirits

PLATE CXXVII

THE LAST SUPPER

The subject of the Last Supper must be the despair of artists after the wonderful picture of Leonardo da Vinci. M. Doré's plate will certainly not bear comparison with that divinely beautiful work; but if we would contrast it favourably we have nothing to do but to place it side by side with a hideous abortion of a woodcut on the same subject by Albert Dürer. Not that we would speak disrespectfully of Dürer. He was a man of varied, profound, and singular genius, with a truly marvellous imagination in the regions of the fantastic, the symbolical, and the grimly supernatural, and with extraordinary executive skill as an engraver. But he seems to have had a defective sense of simple dignity and beauty, and consequently was not endowed with the gifts necessary to treat subjects with which our very highest emotions are associated. Thus in his Last Supper the figures are not in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion, and resemble rather the ugly dolls of a Dutch toy shop. No such charge can be made against M. Doré's illustration.

PLATE CXXVIII

FAIRYLAND

In the dispute between Don Quixote and the Canon concerning the books on knight errantry, Don asks his adversary to imagine 'a vast lake of boiling pitch filled with serpents and all sorts of repulsive creatures. From this lake "a most doleful voice" proceeds to address a knight. "Oh knight whoever thou art who gazest on this dreadful lake if thou wilt purchase the bliss concealed under these dismal waters make known thy valour by casting thyself into the midst of these black burning surges.' This the supposed knight does, and the result is that before he knows what he is about, he finds himself in the delightful and ethereal abode of fairies here depicted. There the sky appears to him more transparent and the sun seems to shine with a redoubled brightness. Happy knight! to be thus rewarded for his valour.

PLATE CXXIX.

THE CORPSE CANDLES.

Having entered the Fortress of Fear Miltaine climbs a narrow spiral staircase, the walls of which are covered with thick moss while the broken steps support a heavy growth of ferns lichens and toadstools. The stairs crumble away behind her as she ascends, but she passes on and finds herself in a vast gallery lighted only by the moon. Before her



THE LAST SUPPER.







THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN.



ARTAXERXES GRANTING LIBERTY TO THE JEWS.



opens a long series of huge folding-doors, and on her right hand are columns and arches. All this while she is guided by a toad, which, crawling on before her, leaves a slimy and phosphorescent track. "As Mitaine passed by the first column, it crumbled in pieces, and she beheld, standing upright on the pedestal, a corpse wrapped in its winding-sheet, and holding in its hand a lighted torch It stepped down from its place, and, waiting until she passed, took up its position on her left. The second column sank in its turn; a second corpse descended, and placed itself on her right hand, also bearing a torch. The same thing took place throughout the whole length of the gallery." (Book III, Chapter 9, of "Croquemitaine.") Such are some of the terrors through which Mitaine resolutely makes her way to the achievement of the adventure.

PLATE CXXX.

THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN (LA FONTAINE)

A VESSEL in the ancient times went to wreck not far from Athens. The crew would all have drowned but for the good offices of a dolphin; for the dolphins, as Pliny himself declares, are friends to man The fish even took on its back a monkey that happened to be on board, supposing it to be a sailor. The monkey, being asked if he came from Athens, replied that he did, and vaunted his familiarity with the place; but soon exhibited so much ignorance—even speaking of the Piræus as a man, instead of a harbour—that the dolphin looked round, and, discovering that he was mounted by a monkey and not a man, plunged him beneath the waves, and made search for some one more worthy of his assistance.

PLATE CXXXI.

ARTAXERXES GRANTING LIBERTY TO THE JEWS.

THE scene represents Artaxerxes uttering these words to Ezra:—"I make a decree, that all they of the people of Israel in my realm, which are minded of their own free will to go up to Jerusalem, go with thee."

PLATE CXXXII.

THE STYGIAN LAKE.

IN describing Plate LXXIV., we have alluded to the Stygian lake at the bottom of the fifth circle of Hell, where the wrathful and gloomy receive the punishment of their sins. The present illustration depicts the lake in all its foulness and horror, with the miserable

spirits frantically striving to lift themselves out of the waves on to the narrow spit of land where Dante and Virgil are standing.

"Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain; and we, in company
Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot
Of the grey, wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.
"The good instructor spake: 'Now seest thou, son,
The souls of these whom anger overcame.
This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.
Fix'd in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'
Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
But word distinct can utter none" *Inferno, Canto VII., lines* 106—129

It is in their passage over this lake that Dante and Virgil meet with the spirit of Filippo Argenti, as already described.

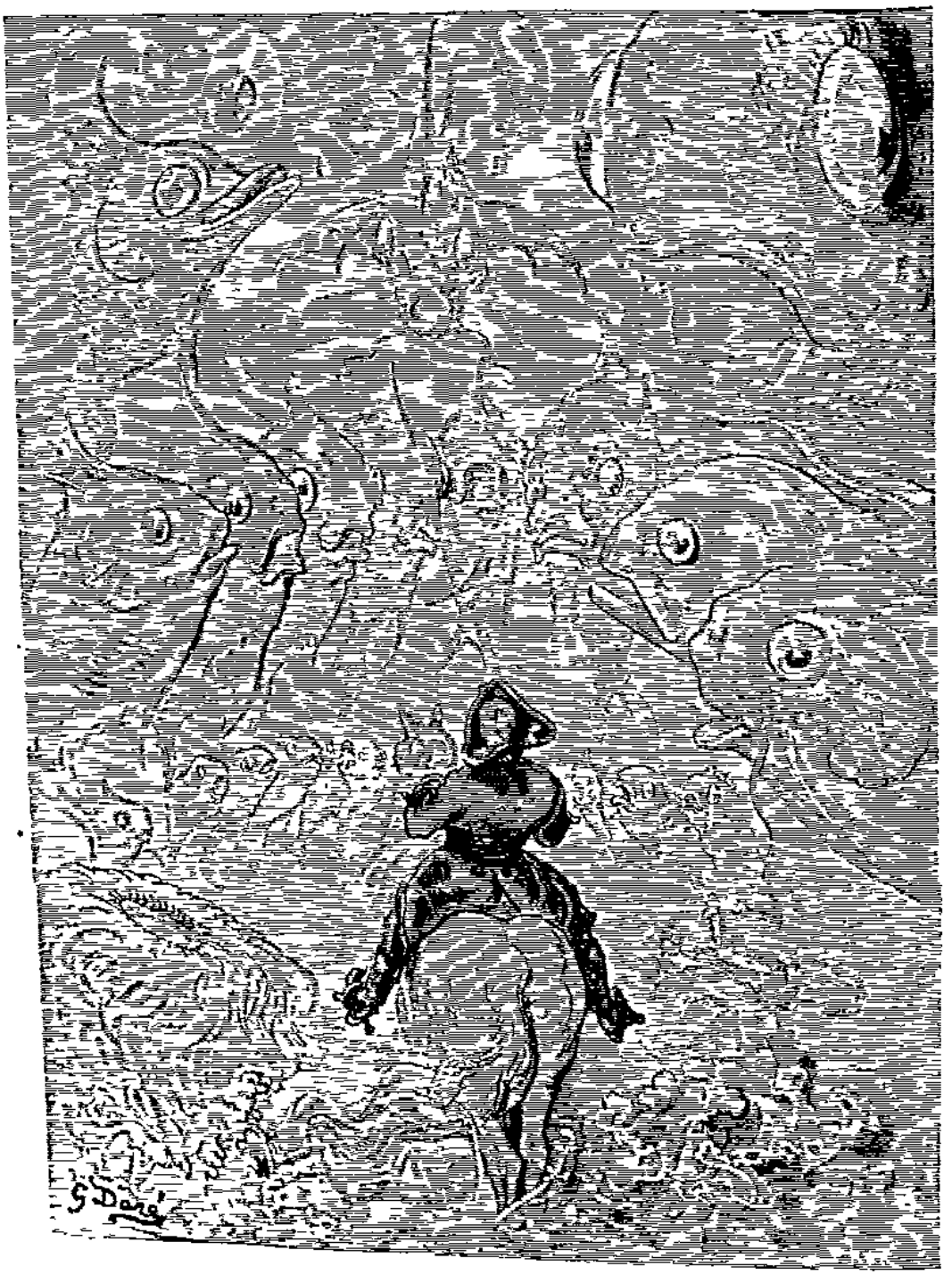
PLATE CXXXIII.

SAINT PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

PETER was thrown into prison by Herod, and while one night he was sleeping, bound with chains, between two soldiers, and the doors guarded by keepers, "the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and



SAINT PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.



A SUBMARINE WORLD.



they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him." (Acts of the Apostles xii. 7—10)

We here see Peter passing the sleeping sentinels. The cloudy, moonlit sky is particularly fine.

PLATE CXXXIV.

A SUBMARINE WORLD

BARON MUNCHAUSEN (in his thirteenth chapter) relates that his father used to tell the following story:—In one of the numerous visits he paid to England, he was one day walking on the sea-shore not far from Harwich, when he saw a sea-horse rise out of the waves, and gallop at the top of his speed towards him. The Baron had in his hand at the time a certain wonderful sling, from which he projected two stones at the monster, with such accuracy of aim that he put out both his eyes. Then he jumped on his back, and made him take the sea. His fierceness had departed with his eyes, and the Baron, slipping the sling into his mouth for a bridle, set off for the opposite coast In less than three hours they reached Helvoetsluys, where the Baron sold the sea-horse for seven hundred ducats. The things he saw in the course of his journey were very extraordinary. The horse did not swim; he galloped with great swiftness along the bottom of the sea, driving before him millions of singular fish. Some of these "had their heads in the middle of their bodies; others at the end of their tails; some, standing in a circle, sang choruses of inexpressible beauty; others were engaged in building transparent palaces of water, surrounded by vast colonnades, through which rippled to and fro a clear shining fluid, resembling the most brilliant fire. The interior of these buildings was provided with every convenience that could suit fish of distinction: there were nurseries for the safe keeping of the spawn; a suite of spacious halls was devoted to the education of the young fish." The Baron also traversed a vast range of submarine mountains, at least as high as the Alps, saw a forest of trees which bore lobsters, crabs, oysters, mussels, and sea-snails, of enormous size; and escaped various dangers of the deep.

PLATE CXXXV.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK.

ON the banks of the river Ebro, Don Quixote and Sancho find a little boat tied to the stump of a tree, with nobody to look after it. The Don immediately concludes that it has been thrown in his way by an enchanter, who desires him to embark, and hasten to the succour of some other knight, lying under great and peculiar danger. Accordingly,

much to the dissatisfaction of Sancho, they tie up their beasts, enter the boat, and commit themselves to the current, on which they drift some distance, until they behold two great water-mills in the middle of the river. To the Don these mills appear to be enchanted castles, or the buildings of some strange city, where he is destined to find the distressed knight, or the queen or princess, for whose relief he has been conveyed thither. Sancho of course sees the truth of the matter; but Quixote will not be undeceived, even though the people in the mill shout out that the strangers will be swamped, or ground to pieces by the water wheels. They continue to advance, but are soon stopped by the poles of the millers. This movement, however, upsets the boat, and knight and squire are ducked in the stream, whence the men drag them forth. The boat—which proves to be the property of the millers—is broken to pieces, and Don Quixote has to pay fifty reals for it, and to give up the achievement of the adventure, which he says is plainly reserved for some other knight. (Part II., Chapter 29.)

PLATE CXXXVI.

CHACTAS A CAPTIVE.

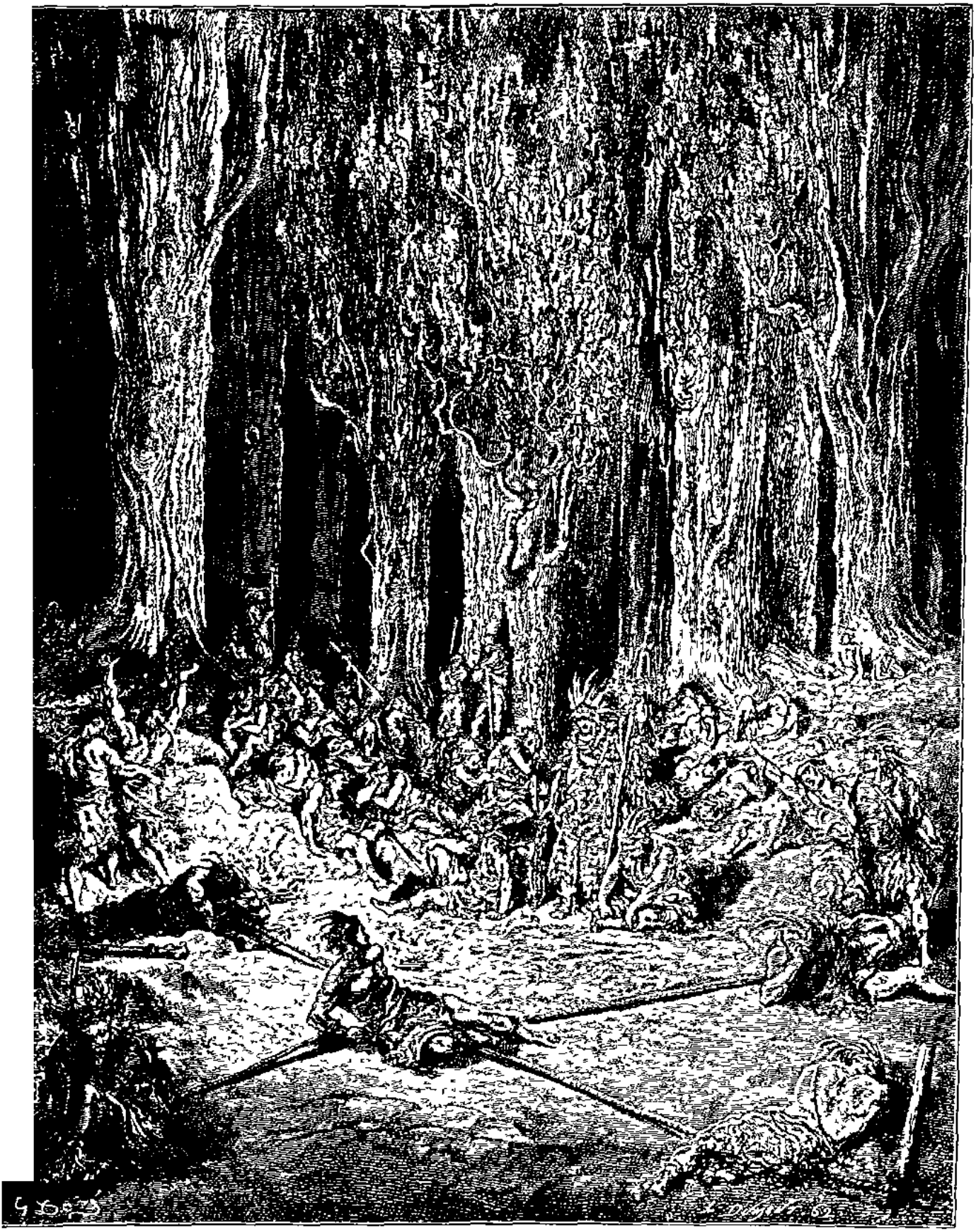
When Chactas is a prisoner in the hands of the Muscogulges and Siminoles, it is determined that he shall be slain; and on the night previous to his destruction he is laid on his back, and tied by the neck, the feet, and the hands, to stakes fixed in the ground. "Warriors," says he, in relating his history ("Atala," Chapter 1), "were seated upon the cords, and I could not make the slightest movement without their knowledge. The night advanced; the songs and dances gradually ceased; the fires emitted but a ruddy light, in front of which I could see the shadows of some of the savages pass. At last they all fell asleep; but as the noise of men became pacified, that of the desert seemed to increase, and to the tumult of voices succeeded the howlings of winds in the forest." As the reader is aware, Chactas is released during the night by Atala.

The vastness, the gloom, and the mysterious recesses of the forest, with the wild figures of the Indians lit up by the glare of the watch-fires, make a very striking picture.

PLATE CXXXVII.

AMOS.

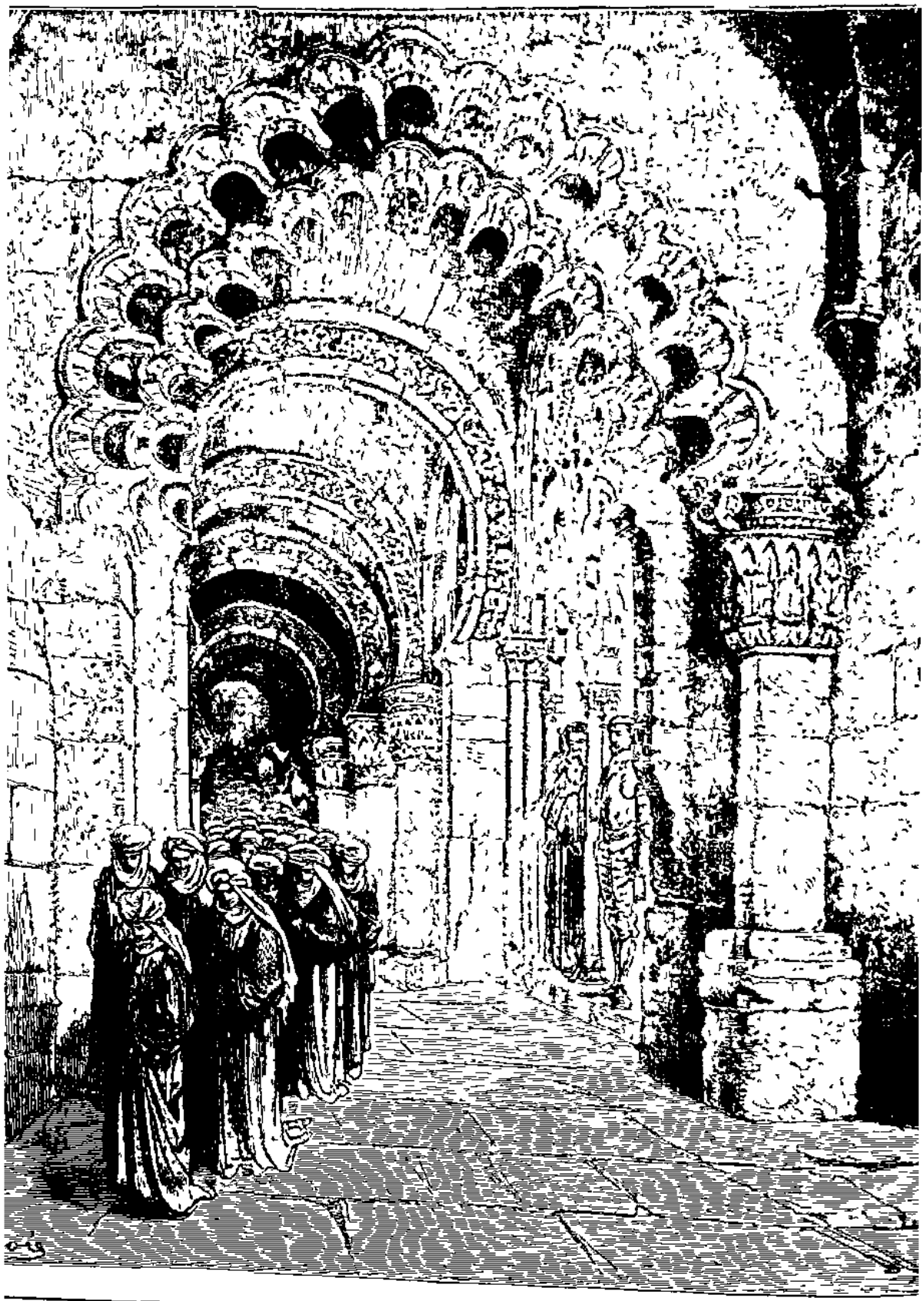
Amos was one of the herdmen of Tekoa, and delivered certain prophecies concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah, and of Jeroboam, King of Israel.



CHACTAS A CAPTIVE.







THE MOURNERS FOR DURANDARTE.

PLATE CXXXVIII.

PLUTUS.

WHEN preparing to descend into the fourth circle of Hell, Dante and Virgil find their way stopped by Plutus, to whom is assigned the special guardianship of the pit, for it is there that the prodigal and the avaricious are punished. Dante is alarmed at his appearance; but Virgil comforts him, saying—

"'Let not thy fear
Harm thee; for power in him, be sure, is none
To hinder down this rock thy safe descent.'
Then to that swoln lip turning, 'Peace!' he cried,
'Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself
Prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound,
Not without cause, he passes. So 'tis will'd
On high, there where the great Archangel pour'd
Heaven's vengeance on the first adulterer proud.'
"As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,
Drop suddenly collaps'd, if the mast split:
So to the ground down dropp'd the cruel fiend."

Inferno, Canto VII, lines 4—15

Satan is here called "the first adulterer" in accordance with an old meaning of the word, signifying one whose affections and desires are in a state of revolt against God.

The figure of Plutus in the illustration is a fine study of the nude. The various muscular developments are beautifully indicated, and the effects of light and shade subtly and delicately interwoven.

PLATE CXXXIX.

THE MOURNERS FOR DURANDARTE.

READERS of "Don Quixote" are well acquainted with the knight's wonderful adventures in the Cave of Montesinos (Part II., Chapter 23) A cavern so called really exists in La Mancha. It is about sixty feet in depth, and, being much easier of access now than in the days of the Don (who is let down by a rope), is the frequent resort of shepherds during storms Montesinos was one of the old heroes of romance, fond of wandering about mountainous and woody solitudes, as his name imports, and at one time an inhabitant of this cave. Quixote, hearing the marvellous things that are reported of it, resolves to descend by himself; he does so, and on gaining the bottom is surprised by sleep. Presently he wakes up (as he afterwards declares) in a most lovely meadow, at the further end of which he sees a sumptuous palace, with walls and battlements of transparent

crystal. From this palace issues forth a grave and reverend man in a long gown, who proves to be no other than Montesinos himself. With many laudatory speeches he conducts the Don into the palace, and shows him a stately marble tomb, which is that of the famous Spanish knight, Durandarte, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Roncesvalles, and expired in the arms of Montesinos, his kinsman. With his dying breath he requested Montesinos to take his heart out of his breast, and convey it to his mistress, the beautiful Belerma; which was accordingly done. In the mysterious cave, Durandarte, lying on the top of his tomb, preserves a kind of enchanted life; for he, Montesinos, and the other inhabitants of the cave, are subjected to the necromantic spells of Merlin. Here Don Quixote sees a procession of beautiful damsels, all in black, attending on Belerma (who carries the withered heart of Durandarte in a white handkerchief), and, with sighs, tears, and groans, helping her to lament the loss of her champion. This mournful observance (which takes place four times a week) is represented in the illustration, with most picturesque details of Saracenic architecture.

PLATE CXL.

THE SPIRITS OF THE ENVIOUS.

GAINING the second cornice of the Mount of Purgatory, the two poets find it peopled by spirits who are expiating the sin of envy. These are clad in sackcloth, and their eyes are sewed up with iron thread. One of them (a female spirit) relates that she was Sapia of Sienna—not, however, remarkable for sapience, she adds, playing on her name, being more glad of others' hurt than of her own good.

> "When now my years sloped waning down the arch,
> It so bechanced, my fellow-citizens
> Near Colle met their enemies in the field;
> And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.

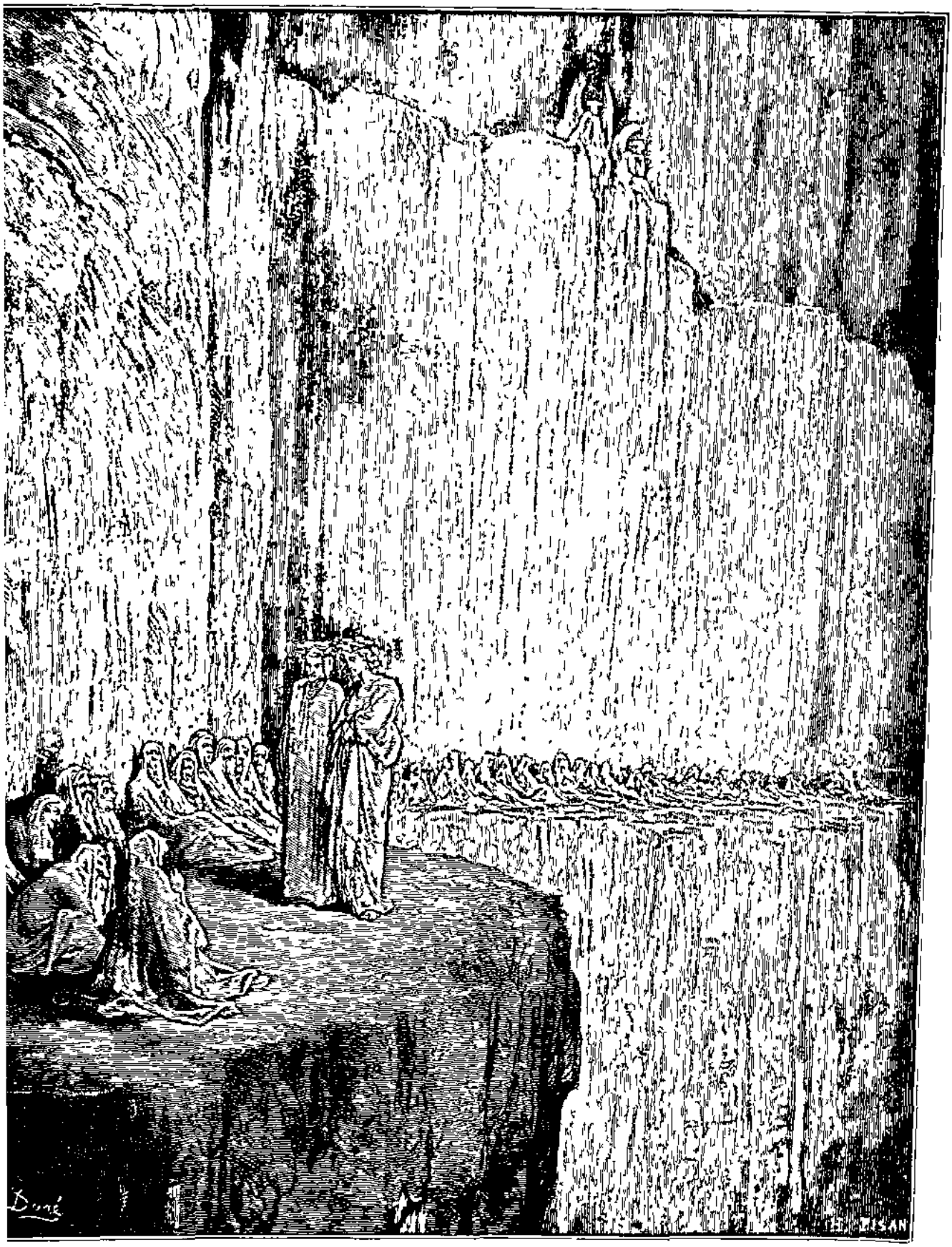
(That is, that her countrymen should be defeated)

> There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves
> Unto the bitter passages of flight.
> I mark'd the hunt, and, waxing out of bounds
> In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,
> And, like the merlin cheated by a gleam,
> Cried, 'It is over. Heaven! I fear thee not.'"

Purgatorio, Canto XIII., lines 106—115.

For this sin she is now being punished in Purgatory. After some conversation with Dante, she begs him to remember her in his prayers.

The dark, precipitous cliffs in this illustration are stupendous.



THE SPIRITS OF THE ENVIOUS.





THE ANGELIC WREATHS.

PLATE CXLI.

MICAH EXHORTING THE ISRAELITES.

MICAH, the Morasthite, reproved the Israelites for idolatry, and exhorted them to mourning, in the days of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, Kings of Judah, as we find related in the Book of Micah. The grouping in the illustration is very excellent, and so are the Oriental architecture and vegetation, and the suggestion of hot sun-glare.

PLATE CXLII.

THE ANGELIC WREATHS.

IN the fourth heaven, which is situated in the sun, Dante sees two wreaths or garlands, each formed of twelve blessed spirits. One of the saints composing the inner ring is Thomas Aquinas, who, addressing the poet, tells him the names and qualities of the others. The inner ring is the first observed; but, after Aquinas has finished his address, it begins to wheel round, and has hardly once revolved ere another garland encompasses it—

"Motion to motion, song to song, conjoining,
Song that as much our muses doth excel,
Our syrens with their tuneful pipes, as ray
Of primal splendour doth its faint reflex.
As when, if Juno bid her handmaid forth,
Two arches parallel, and trick'd alike,
Span the thin cloud, the outer taking birth
From that within (in manner of that voice
Whom love did melt away, as sun the mist),
And they who gaze, presageful, call to mind
The compact, made with Noah, of the world
No more to be o'erflow'd; about us thus,
Of sempiternal roses, bending, wreath'd
Those garlands twain; and to the innermost
E'en thus the external answer'd" *Paradiso, Canto XII., lines* 5—19

Saint Bonaventura, of the Franciscan order, speaks out of the external wreath, and informs Dante who are the eleven others composing the garland of which he is himself one of the living flowers The "voice whom love did melt away" is that of Echo, who, for the love of Narcissus, faded into a sound.

PLATE CXLIII.

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO (LA FONTAINE)

THE Peacock complained to Juno, saying, "Goddess, the song you have given to your bird is justly blamed; while, on the other hand, the nightingale, a paltry little thing, is the glory and delight of spring-time, owing to her sweet and powerful singing." "Jealous bird!" replied Juno, "is it for you to envy the singing of others? You who are wearing round your neck a hundred rainbow dyes; you who display to mortals those plumes that far exceed the splendour of jewellery. Is there any bird more fitted to please than you are? No creature engrosses every gift; each has its special dower, and all are content. Cease, then, to murmur, lest, as a judgment, I rend the plumage from off your foolish back."

The plate represents a beautiful Watteau-like scene in the gardens of a richly-wooded old château, with a most prodigious peacock dropping his long train from the balustrade of a terrace.

PLATE CXLIV.

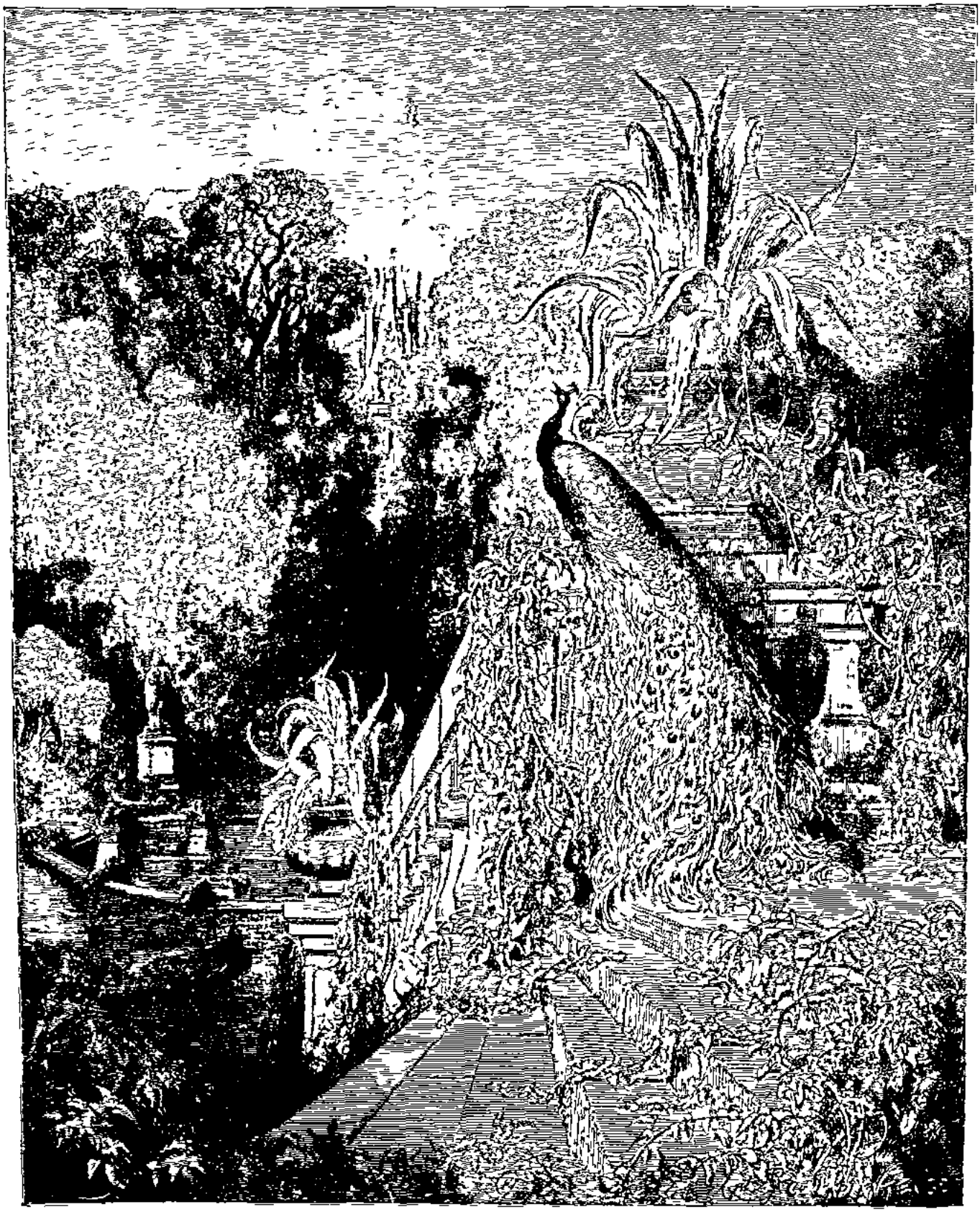
CHARLEMAGNE'S VISION.

WE read in "Croquemitaine" (Book II, Chapter 3) that, one beautiful spring night, the Emperor Charlemagne, while sitting in his park at Paderborn, "perceived in the heavens what seemed like an immense causeway, paved with stars, which commenced above the Gulf of Friesland, and disappeared about the Galician frontier, passing over Germany, Aquitaine, Gascony, and Navarre. Little by little there seemed to him to glitter an unusual number of luminaries; they increased in size, changed their forms, and began to move all in the same direction from the north-east to the south-west, and presently he beheld, moving across the heavens, crowds of armed warriors. He had mistaken for stars the glint of the moon upon their armour For a whole hour, troop succeeded troop; the horses, excited to a mad ardour, galloped along the clouds, raising a dust of star-sparkles with their hoofs. Then all became motionless as before. The night grew dark and silent." The vision is prognosticatory of the Emperor's expedition against the Saracens of Spain. As interpreted by M Doré, it is very ghostly and vapoury, with a touch or two of the grotesque.

PLATE CXLV.

THE APPROACH TO THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

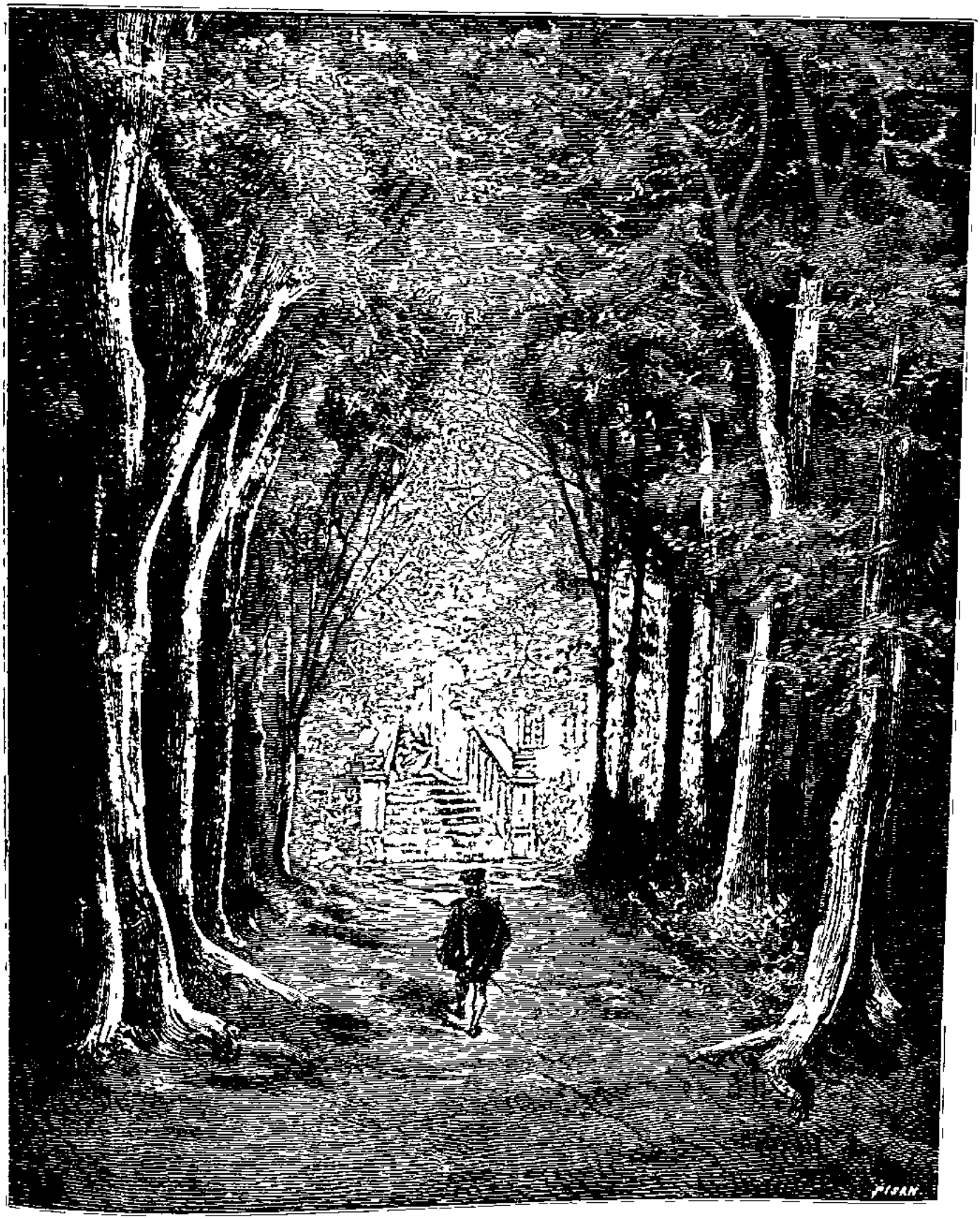
THIS is an illustration to the beautiful old legend of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." The Prince who is to dissolve the enchantment is seen approaching the palace up a long



THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO



CHARLEMAGNE'S VISION.



THE APPROACH TO THE ENCHANTED PALACE.



THE BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.



THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS

avenue of trees, which the cessation of all human interference for a hundred years has converted into a forest glade. To adopt the pleasant verses of Mr. Tom Hood—

"Along that silent avenue the young Prince gaily passes,
'Tis carpeted with velvet moss beneath the nodding grasses
The dreamy sunlight, through the boughs upon the green sward streaming,
Sets here and there with radiance rare a lingering dewdrop gleaming.
On either hand rise lofty stems, above, the branches mingle,
And, as a glimpse of blue shuts in the end of some green dingle,
Framed in an arch of greenery where that long alley closes,
He sees a flight of steps, a gate o'ergrown with truant roses,
And some one who beside the gate in that warm sunshine dozes." *Fairy Realm.*

The Prince passes the sleepy porter, whom no blows will awaken, and enters the palace.

The tangled overgrowth of the wood, with its mingling of shadow and sunshine, is most artistically represented; and a sense of solitude, of silence, and of dreamy enchantment, is thrown over the whole.

PLATE CXLVI.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANGELS.

RAPHAEL, relating to Adam and Eve the events of the great conflict in heaven, tells them:—

"Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
Was never Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict, overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So, under fiery cope, together rushed
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage" *Paradise Lost, Book VI, lines 207—217.*

The hurtle of the winged warriors encountering in mid air is very suggestive of angelic warfare.

PLATE CXLVII.

THE COUNCIL HELD BY THE RATS (LA FONTAINE)

A CERTAIN cat spread so much terror through the kingdom of the rats, that the latter, taking advantage of the cat's absence one day, held a council to determine what should

be done One wise old rat proposed to fasten a bell round the cat's neck, so that the sound should give timely notice of the enemy's approach. The idea was very generally received as excellent; but who was to bell the cat? That was the difficulty. Every one declined to make the attempt, and the whole thing ended in talk. We see the same result in human affairs. Plenty of suggestions, but much shrinking from the test of action.

The rats here portrayed are full of character and droll caprice. They seem to have been studied from life, but with an eye of humorous fancy.

PLATE CXLVIII.

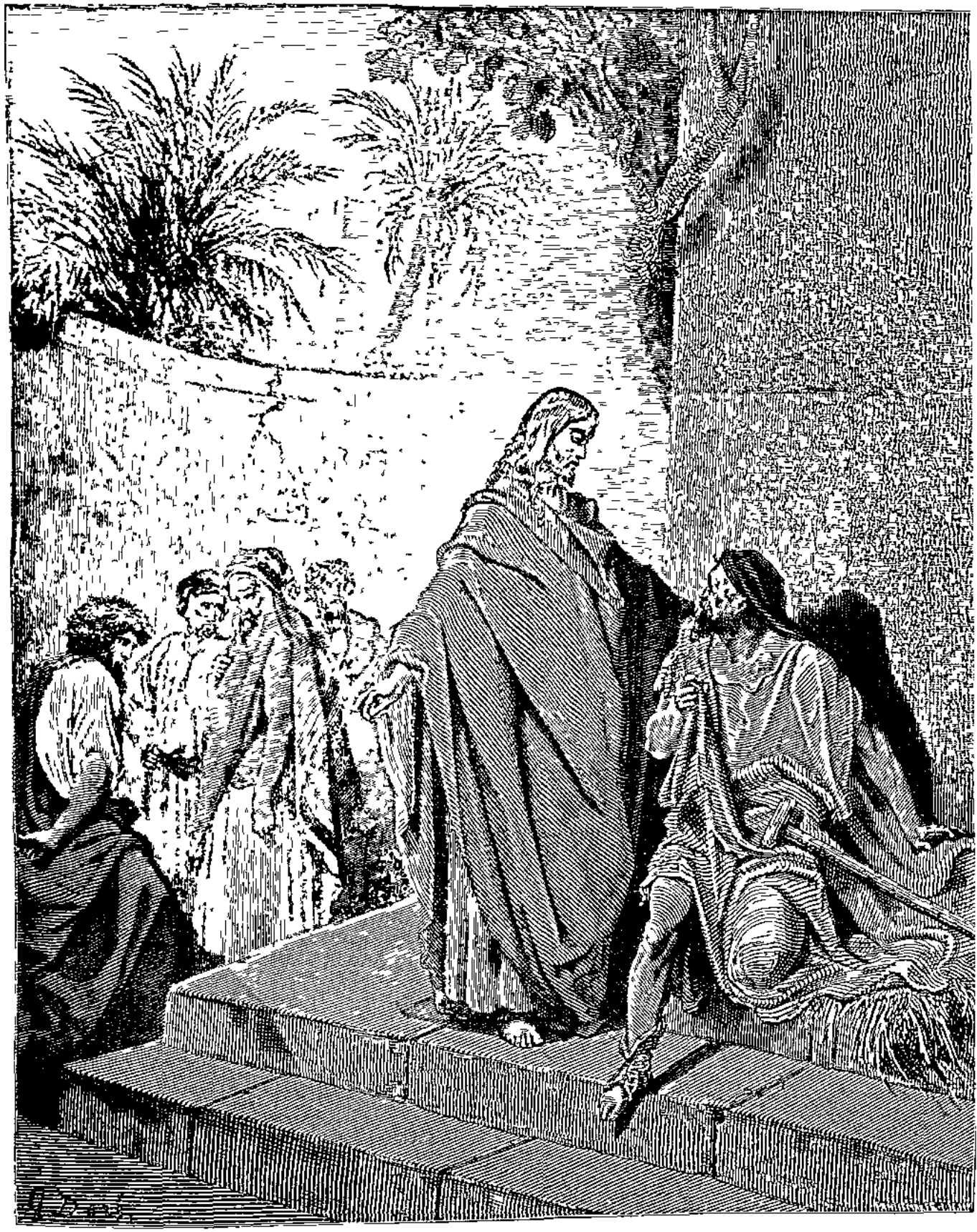
JESUS HEALING THE SICK MAN OF THE PALSY.

It is recorded in the Gospel of Matthew that there was brought to Jesus, in Bethlehem, a man sick of the palsy, whom he cured, so that he was enabled to rise at once, take up his bed, and go into his house (Matthew ix. 2—7). The incident is here embodied by M Doré in a plate which shows the sick man just about to rise from his couch.

PLATE CXLIX.

THE MOCK SERENADE.

Don Quixote, staying at the castle of a great duke and duchess, is made the victim of a practical joke by one of the waiting women, who, having heard him talk a good deal about the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, determines to put his fidelity to the test. After he has gone to bed one night, the Don, being unable to sleep for the heat, gets up, opens the casement, and looks out into a fine garden, where he presently hears people walking about and talking They prove to be two women, one of whom, named Altisidora, is pressed by the other to sing Altisidora replies that since the arrival of the stranger at the castle she has been too conversant with tears and sorrow to sing or relish songs. Besides, the Duchess might wake, and, again, what would be the use of her singing if this new Æneas should be asleep, and not hear the sound of her complaints? These, of course, are feigned excuses, the Don being heard above at the window; and ultimately the damsel begins her serenade, which is a great outpouring of love for the knight, a depreciation of Dulcinea, and a vaunting of the singer's own attractions. Quixote takes all this for true, recalls an immense number of adventures of a like character which he has read of in his books of knight-errantry; and is at first a little apprehensive for his fidelity to the lady of Toboso. At the close of the serenade, however, he declares



JESUS HEALING THE MAN SICK OF THE PALSY.



THE MOCK SERENADE.



CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER AND THE PUMPKIN.



ELIJAH NOURISHED BY AN ANGEL.

that nothing shall stir his heart from that one object of attraction, and, reproving all who would change or weaken his love, claps to the window, and goes to bed in great indignation. (Part II., Chapter 44)

M. Doré has treated this burlesque incident in the spirit of romance The picturesque Gothic architecture of the castle, with its diamonded casements, its rich and fantastic ornamentation, and its dreamy-looking heraldic escutcheons—the shadowy garden, the dark yet glimmering night, and the obscure figures of the damsels below the window—all are suggestive of the very poetry of old Spanish life.

PLATE CL.

CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER AND THE PUMPKIN

HERE we have illustrated a well-known incident from the popular story of Cinderella. The godmother is just in the act of making a coach out of a pumpkin for her astonished ward.

PLATE CLI.

ELIJAH NOURISHED BY AN ANGEL

ELIJAH, being threatened by Jezebel, went a day's journey into the wilderness about Beer-sheba, and sat down under a juniper tree; where he prayed that he might die, saying, "I am not better than my fathers." And as he slept under the juniper tree, "Behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God" (1 Kings xix 4—8)

In the illustration, Elijah lies faint and despairing under a bank; all round him stretches the dry and sandy desert, with scraps of spiky vegetation, while above, through the white-hot, luminous air, tremulous with the vibrating sun-fire, comes the floating brightness of the angel. The scene is very Eastern and visionary; and the vapoury softness with which the angel seems to shape itself out of the air, is singularly beautiful.

PLATE CLII.

THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

THE rebel angels being at length defeated, a breach opens in the wall of Heaven, and the panic-struck rout see with horror the wasteful deep below. But they are urged from behind by thunders and pursuing fire, and cast themselves headlong into the abyss.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise: Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted, but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell, confounded Chaos roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed."

Paradise Lost, Book VI., Lines 867—875.

Turner once made an impressive illustration of the same passage in Milton; but M. Doré's drawing is on a much larger scale, and more full of a dark, multitudinous, and headlong ruin.

PLATE CLIII.

THE SPARE BED AT THE "CROCODILE."

FOUR adventurous knights, in the romance of "Croquemitaine," arrive after dark at a broken-down, ominous-looking inn, with the sign of the "Crocodile." It is situated in a desolate country, and kept by a murderous scoundrel, half Spaniard and half Moor, named Ali Pépé, who shows one of the knights to what he calls the best bedroom. This proves to be a hideous, rotten chamber, filled with cobwebs, enormous spiders, beetles, snakes, and reptiles—in short, just the kind of room M. Doré has represented with such squalid and ghastly picturesqueness.

PLATE CLIV.

DON QUIXOTE SETTING OUT ON HIS ADVENTURES.

WE here see the Don setting out for the first time on his adventures. He is riding across a flat, desolate country, with scraggy trees, and sullen pools of water among sandy wastes; and night is coming on. A stormy sky and lurid sunset have turned the clouds into wild, dimly-descried shapes of knights, giants, enchanters, monsters, distressed damsels,



THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS



THE SPARE BED AT THE "CROCODILE."





A TROOP OF SPIRITS IN PURGATORY



157 CHRIST MOCKED.

and towered castles, fading everywhere into the vapoury rack and brassy glare, yet alive with contest, terror, and meaning. These shapes, we may suppose, are the creations of Quixote's brain-sick fancies; but the Don's *face* should have been towards them, instead of his back. The illustration, however, is an extraordinary piece of fancy and imagination.

PLATE CLV.

THE LOVERS IN THE MOONLIT FOREST

ATALA and Chactas, left to themselves in the moonlit forest, grow more and more attached to one another. But Atala, as we have seen, is precluded from marrying by a vow made on her behalf by her mother; and she therefore prays to be enabled to fulfil that undertaking. The picture is pervaded by a dim, misty moonlight, filling the glades of the forest

PLATE CLVI.

A TROOP OF SPIRITS IN PURGATORY.

WHEN Virgil and Dante reach the foot of the Mount of Purgatory, they find the cliff so sheer that they are quite incapable of ascending. They pause, looking about them for some practicable path, and, while so occupied, see a troop of spirits moving along the summit of the rock, but so slowly that it hardly appears as if they moved at all. Of these they inquire the way, and are directed; and one of them tells Dante that he is Manfredi, some time King of Naples. He charges the Florentine poet with a message to his daughter, Costanza, Queen of Arragon; and then the explorers proceed on their way. (Purgatorio, Canto III.)

PLATE CLVII

CHRIST MOCKED.

THE passage illustrated is in Matthew xxvii. 27—31. Several of the Roman soldiers and of the Jewish populace are bowing down before Jesus, just previous to the crucifixion, and, in a mocking spirit, hailing him as King of the Jews. The mute and patient agony of the principal figure is touching, and the reviling actions of the crowd are very striking. The whole style of the picture is massive and strong.

PLATE CLVIII.

THE PANTHER IN THE DESERT.

We have described, in connection with Plates XVI. and XXXI., Dante's adventures in the wild, ghostly country in which he first meets with Virgil, previous to their descent into the infernal regions. The present is another scene in the same desolate land, where Dante is encountered by a panther, the type of pleasure or luxury. The view is terrible in its barrenness and solitude.

PLATE CLIX.

JESUS STILLING THE TEMPEST.

The story of Jesus stilling the tempest is told in the fourth chapter of Mark. Jesus and his disciples were crossing the sea when a storm came on, and the vessel was nigh foundering. The disciples, being afraid, awoke Jesus, who was asleep in the hinder part of the ship; upon which "he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

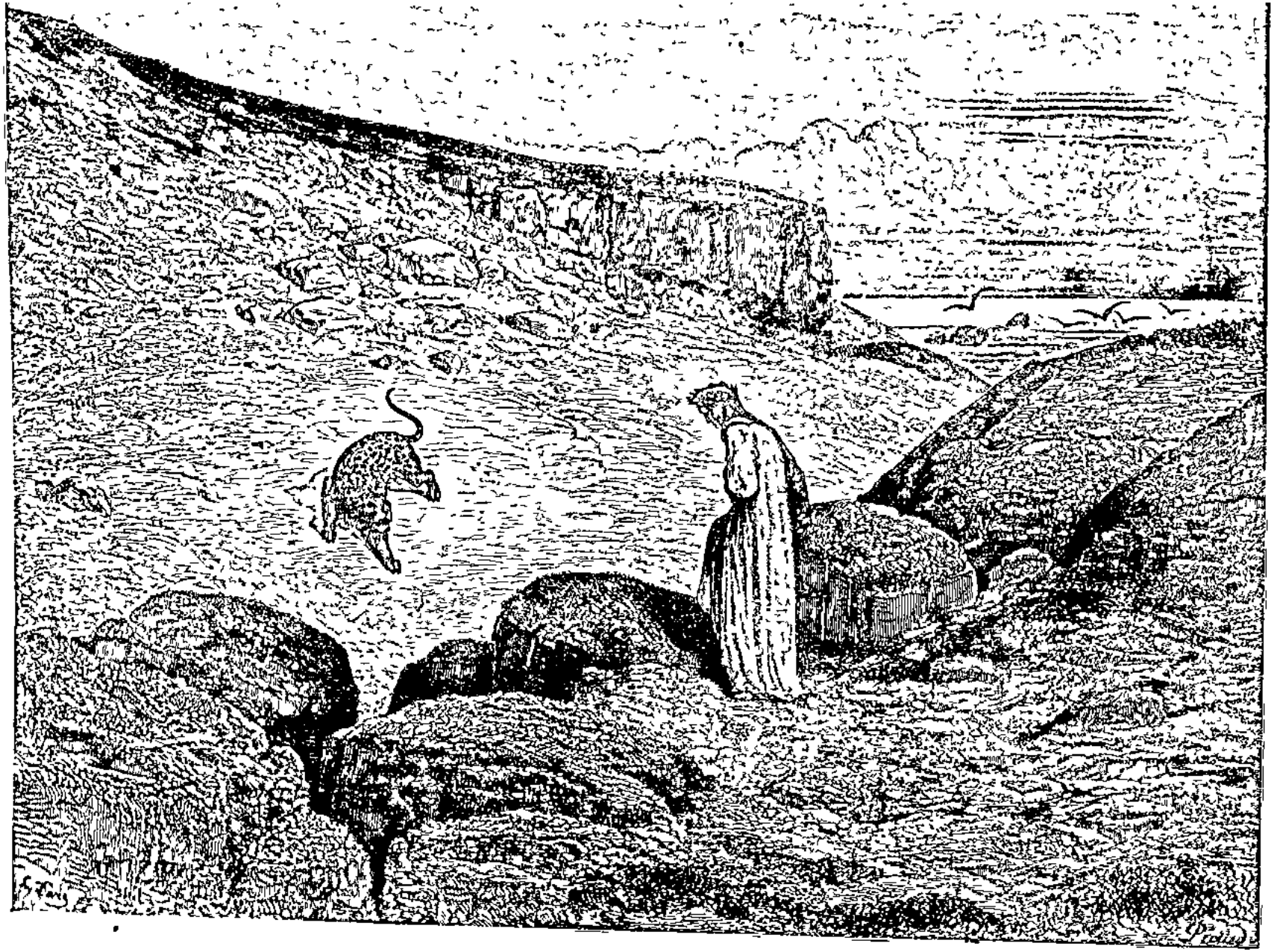
PLATE CLX.

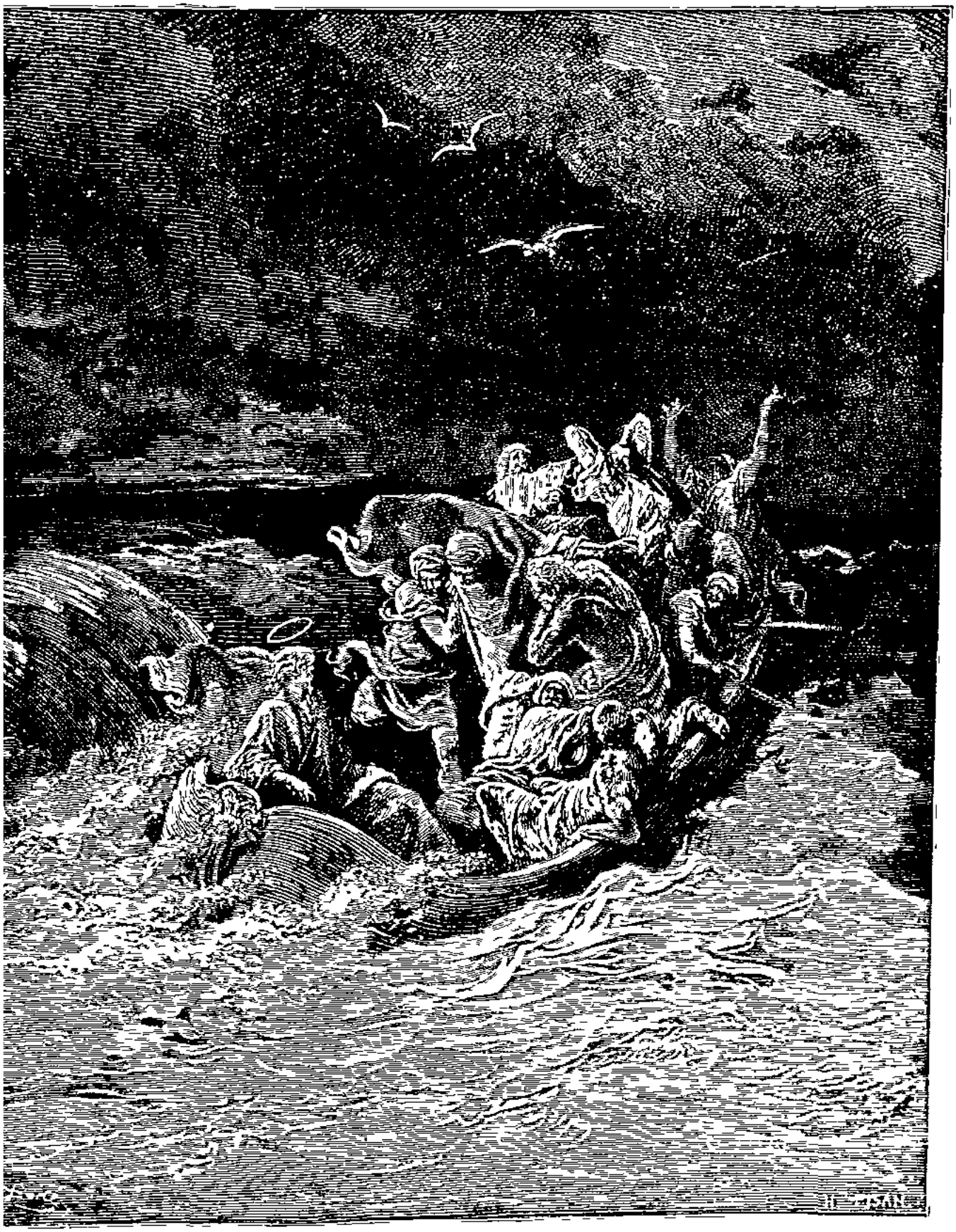
THE PALACE OF SLEEP.

Seen afar in its muffling wealth of thick old trees and all-investing ivy, the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty shows like a vision of romance and drowsihead. Steep craggy banks and pendant forest shades form a noble foreground; and beyond the ravine the fantastic gables of the castle look out from the sleepy vegetation that has overgrown them. Some country people contemplate the haunted old pile from a ledge of the woody mountain.

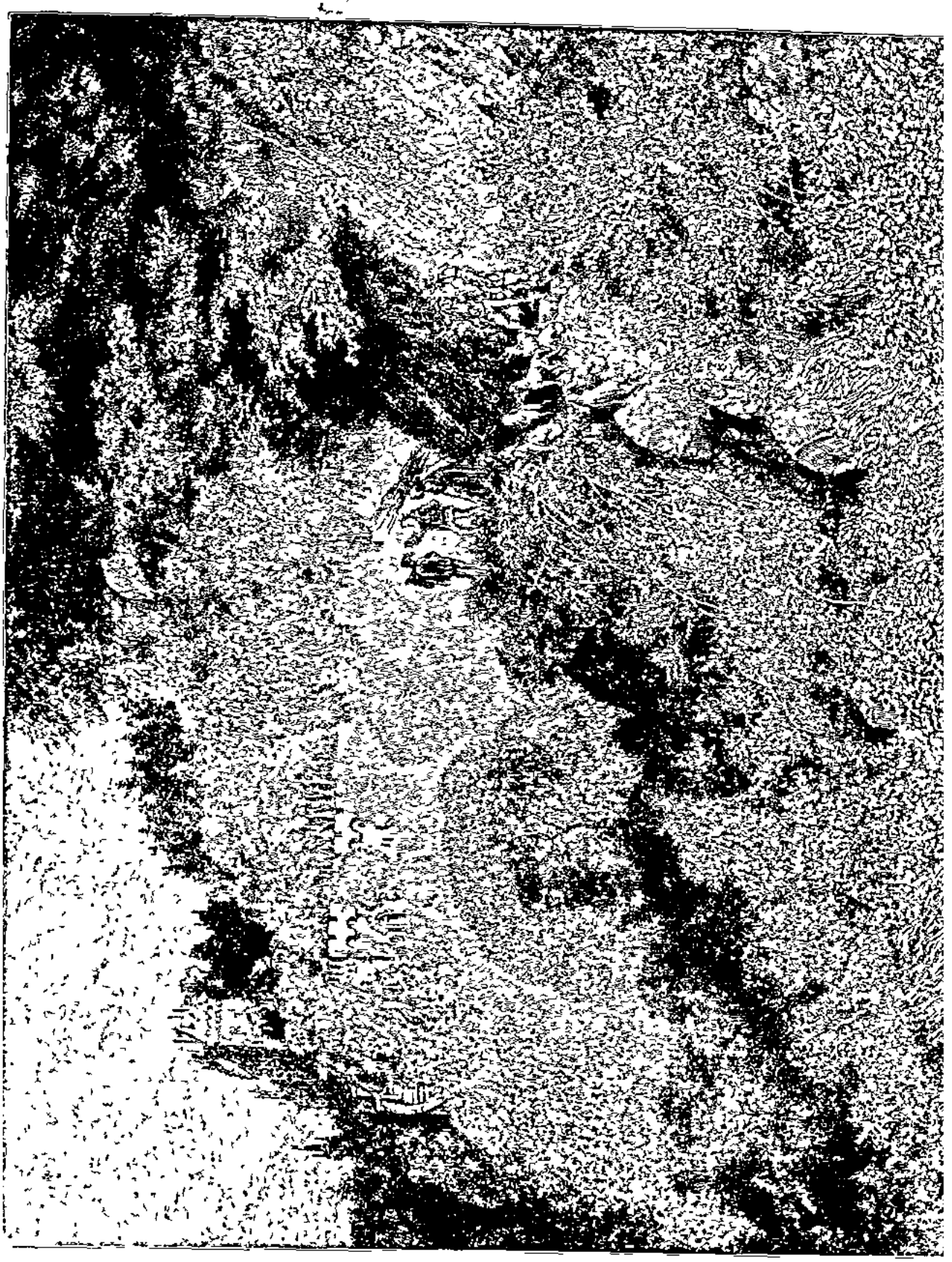
In his "Fairy Realm," Mr. T. Hood describes this scene in verses of great beauty, not unworthy of his father:—

"The sunlight slumbered on the wall;
The traced shadow did not crawl,
Or scarcely crept;
Dreaming, the white lake lilies lay
Above their image, still as they,
The hushed wave slept.





JESUS STILLING THE TEMPEST





SATAN VANQUISHED

"Like hermits dozing in their cells,
Drowsed in the drooping blossom bells
The murmurous bees.
All languidly the land up-clomb
Around the central palace-dome
By slow degrees.

"But that embowered pile did seem
A cloud from some fantastic dream—
Some visioned place:
Its towers were clothed in misty sheen,
And slumbering forests seemed to lean
About its base

"The branches nodded, and the breeze
Sigh'd careless through the sleepy trees,
A long-drawn breath:
Nature's warm pulses here seem'd stayed,
Steeped in a trance that all dismayed,
'Twas so like death!

"Only for ever grew and spread
The sombre branches overhead,
Thick leaf and bloom;
As if to make for Nature's sleep
The brooding silence still more deep—
More deep the gloom!

"Into the heart a terror sank
The vegetation lush and rank
On all sides ran,
And looped and drooped in bine and wine,
And never trace or track or sign
Of living man!"

PLATE CLXI.

SATAN VANQUISHED

THE figure in the foreground is Satan, who previously—

"Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or *Atlas*, unremoved
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed."

He was preparing to engage in combat with Gabriel, but by a sign from Heaven he was made aware that victory would not be on his side. He thereupon fled, and

"With him fled the shades of night."

PLATE CLXII.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES (LA FONTAINE).

THE celebrated fable of the Fox and the Grapes has been applied by M. Doré in a human sense. The ragged roysterers at the bottom of the garden terrace are evidently pretending indifference to the happiness of the wealthy lords and ladies above, and are as obviously envious of it. A very pretty picture is made up of the old château and grounds, and the indolent, holiday-making gallants and damsels.

PLATE CLXIII.

A NOCTURNAL DISCOURSE.

AFTER having had an encounter with some strolling players, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza compose themselves for passing the night under some shady trees, where they get talking over the adventures of the earlier part of the day. The Don commends the arts of play-writing and acting, and bids Sancho hold the professors of both in honour. (Cervantes was here probably thinking of his own labours in the department of dramatic literature) "'Pr'ythee tell me,'" says the knight, addressing his faithful squire, "'hast thou never seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, prelates, knights, ladies, and other characters, are introduced on the stage? One acts a ruffian, another a soldier; this man a cheat, and that a merchant; one plays a designing fool, and another a foolish lover: but the play done, and the actors undressed, they are all equal, and as they were before.' 'All this I have seen,' quoth Sancho. 'Just such a comedy,' said Don Quixote, 'is acted on the great stage of the world, where some play the emperors, others the prelates, and, in short, all the parts that can be brought into a dramatic piece, till death, which is the catastrophe and end of the action, strips the actors of all their marks of distinction, and levels their quality in the grave.' 'A rare comparison,' quoth Sancho, 'though not so new but that I have heard it over and over' In such discourses they passed a great part of the night" (Part II., Chapter 12)

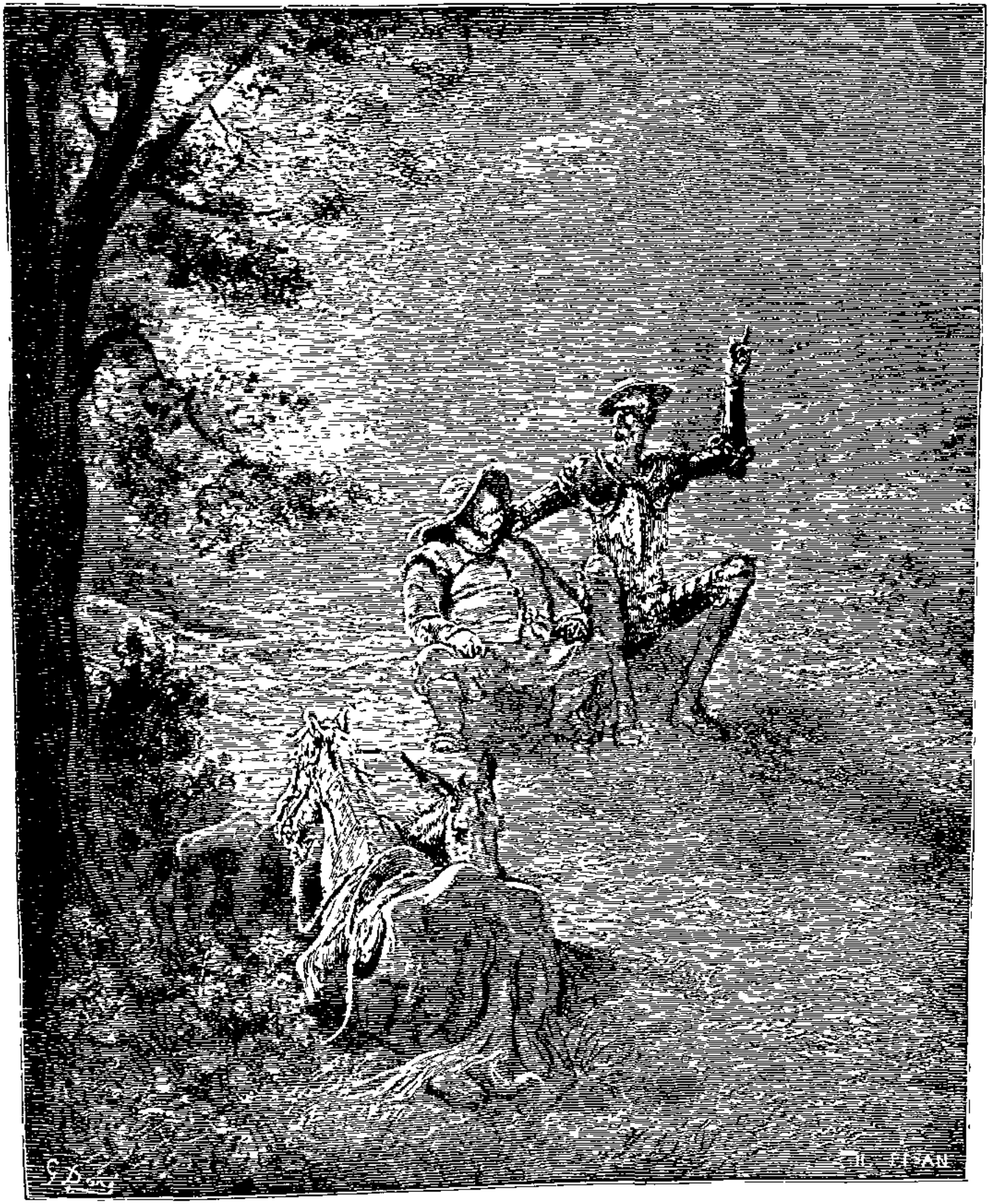
PLATE CLXIV.

THE STORM IN THE FOREST.

THIS is another illustration of the passage in "Atala" in which the hero and heroine are overtaken by a storm in the forest. We have already alluded to it in connection with Plate XLIII. The elemental tumult in the present engraving is very striking.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



A NOCTURNAL DISCOURSE.



THE STORM IN THE FOREST.





THE RISING OF THE WATERS.



PLATE CLXV.

THE PRINCE APPROACHING THE PALACE OF SLEEP.

THE gallant young Prince, who destroys the somnolent enchantment overhanging the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, now approaches one of the entrances, where a party returned from hunting is found fixed in various attitudes of sudden drowsiness. The picture is steeped in a strange, fairy-like charm. The very spirit of mysterious repose breathes over it: the hot sunshine dozes on the Gothic pinnacles and great windows of the beautiful old building, and the luxuriant creepers are heavy with the quiet of a hundred years.

PLATE CLXVI.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

IN this print (from M. Doré's illustrations to "Paradise Lost"), the artist depicts the progress of the Deluge, according to the passage in his author.

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour and exhalation, dusk and moist,
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood, down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd: sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left in one small bottom swum imbark'd."

Book XI., lines 738—753.

The drawing is very much in the manner of our English painter, Martin.

PLATE CLXVII.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

IN the eleventh chapter of Saint John, the story of the resurrection of Lazarus is told with great detail. The climax of that story is what M. Doré has here illustrated. On arriving at the cave where Lazarus lay buried, the reader will remember that Jesus said,

"Take ye away the stone. . . . Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go." (John xi. 39—44.)

The subject is effectively treated, with strong contrasts of light and shade.

PLATE CLXVIII.

THE HERMIT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

This beautiful landscape, from "Atala," shows the old hermit absorbed in contemplation on the top of a mountain, at night. The tender softness of the moonlight, bathing earth and heaven, lake and mountain, tree and herbage, cloud and solitary figure, in an equal glory, is, perhaps, one of M. Doré's happiest successes; and is in perfect harmony with the artist's subject.

PLATE CLXIX.

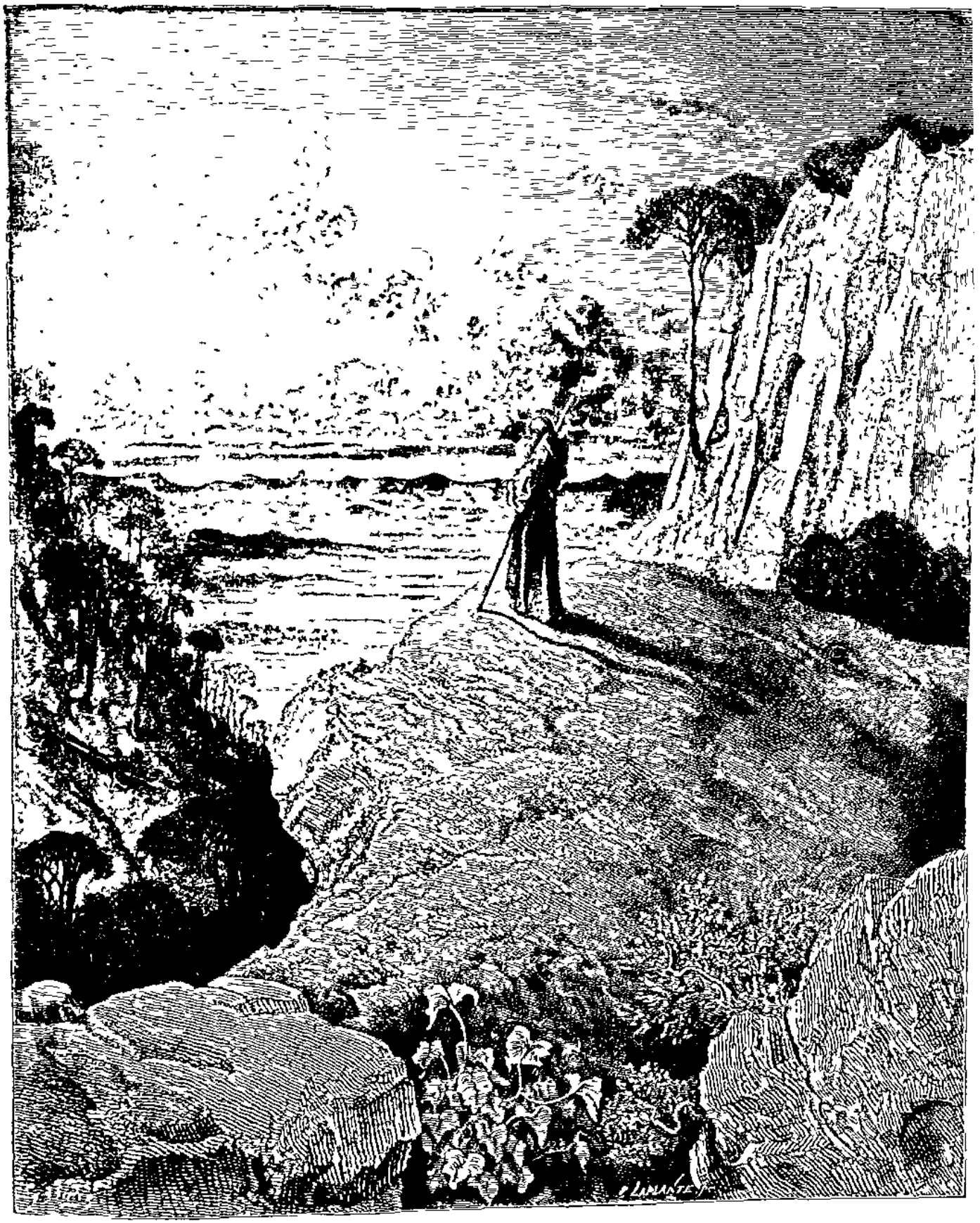
STRANDING OF SINBAD'S SHIP.

When Sinbad, the sailor, prevailed upon by his passion "for traffic and curiosity to see new things," set out on his fourth voyage, he was very soon overtaken by a storm, which drove the ship aground. Sinbad, with several of the merchants and mariners, had the good fortune to secure a plank; they clung to this plank and to the spars. This is the scene here represented. The tenacity whereby drowning men cling to whatever may save them is well exemplified in the manner in which Sinbad and his comrades are clustered together. These lucky ones were drifted by the current to an island, where many more adventures awaited the immortal Sinbad, and where their lives were preserved by fruit.

PLATE CLXX.

SAINT PAUL RESCUED FROM THE MULTITUDE.

Paul, going to Jerusalem to preach, created a great tumult among the Jews, who accused him of delivering false doctrine in the temple. "And all the city was moved, and the people ran together: and they took Paul, and drew him out of the temple: and forthwith the doors were shut. And as they went about to kill him, tidings came unto the



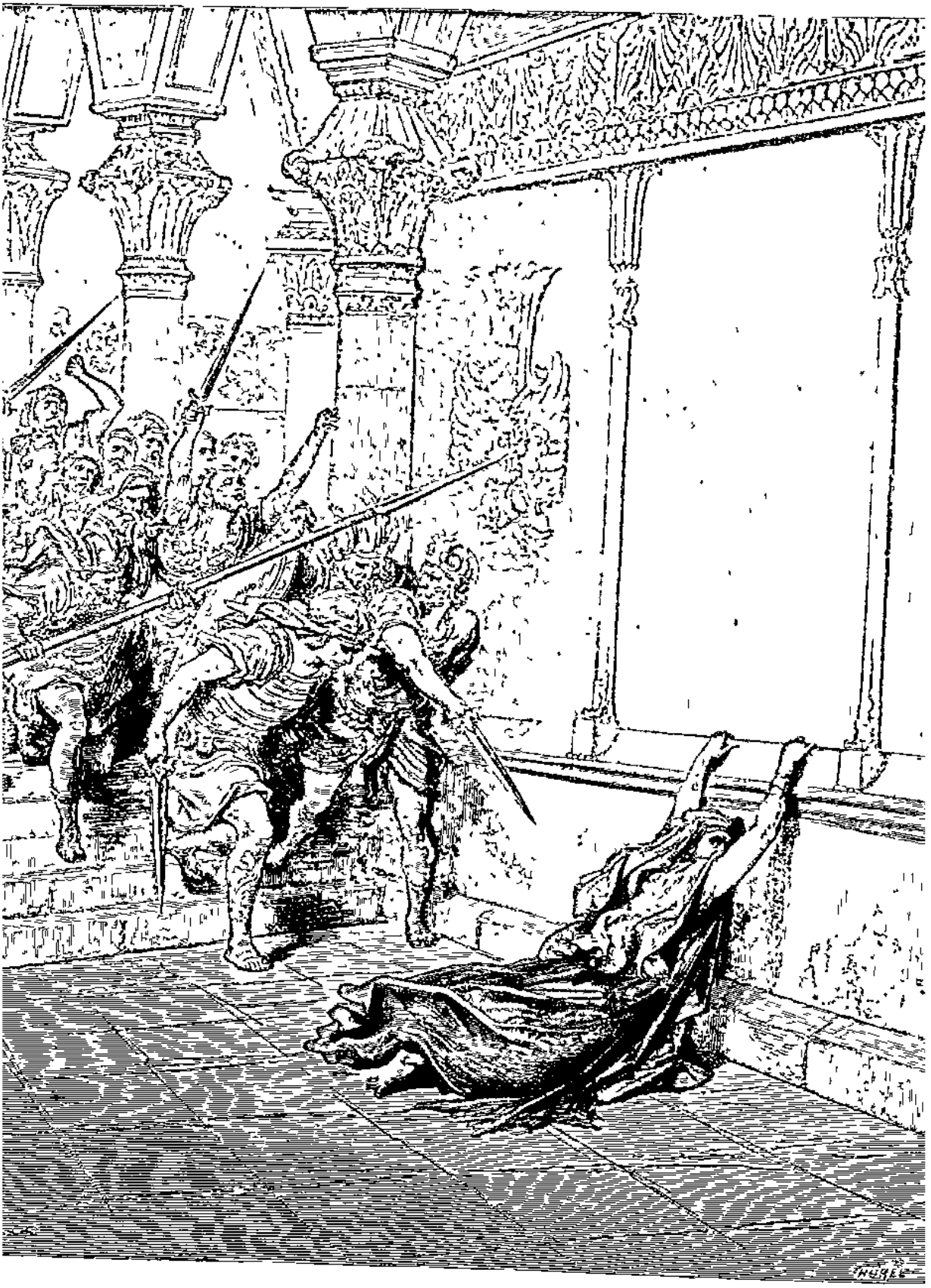
THE HERMIT ON THE MOUNTAIN.



STRANDING OF SINBAD'S SHIP



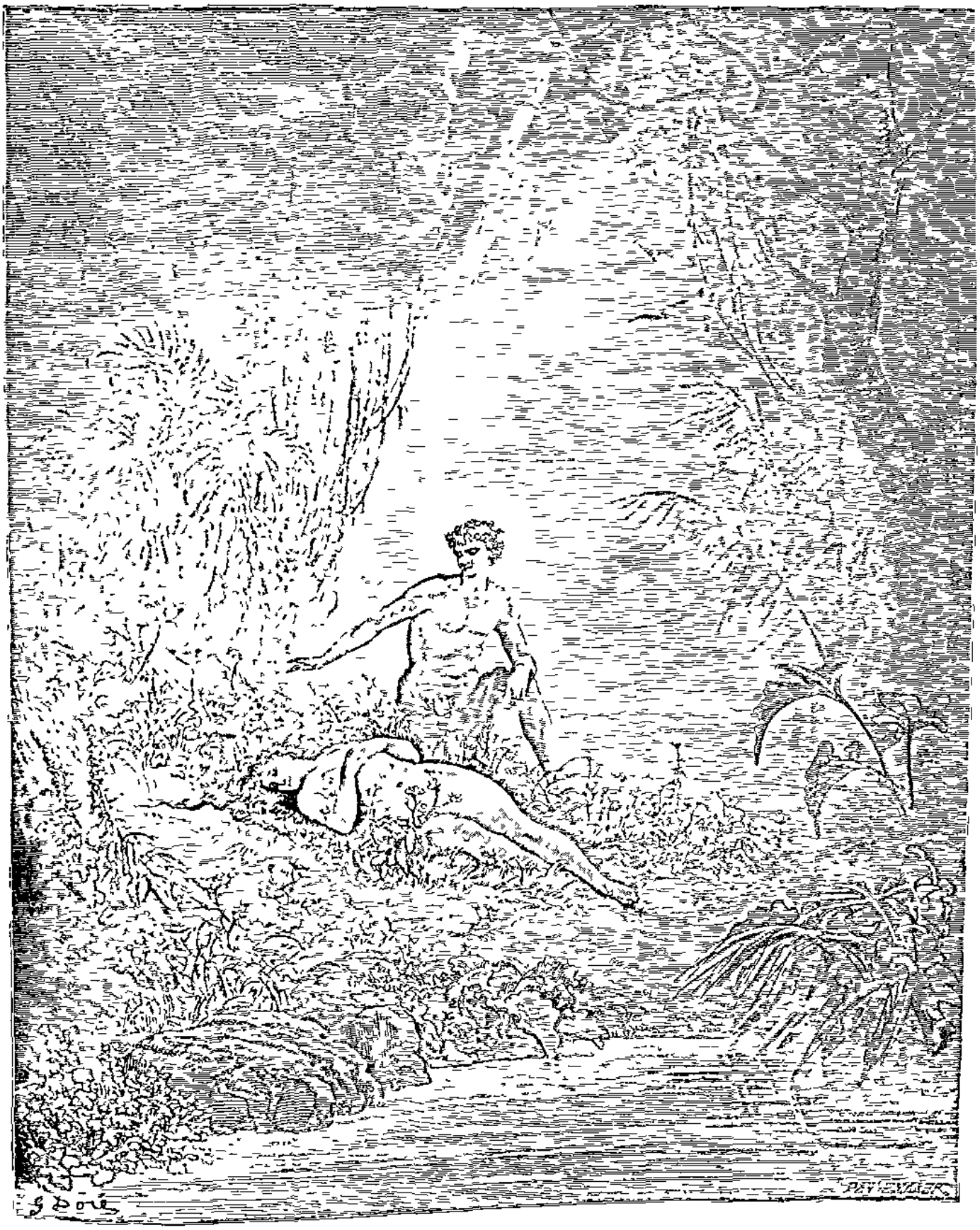
SAINT PAUL RESCUED FROM THE MULTITUDE.



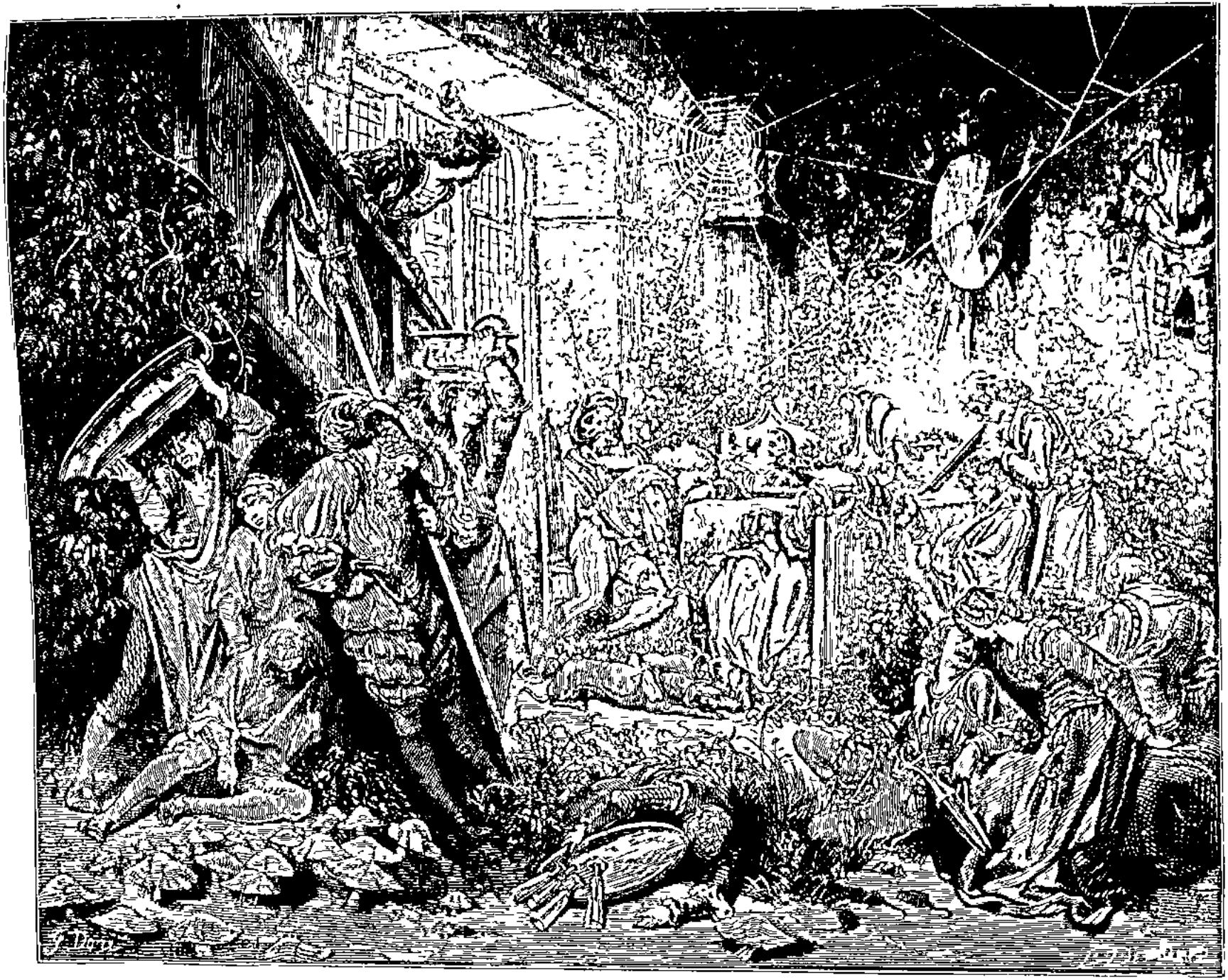
DEATH OF ATHALIAH

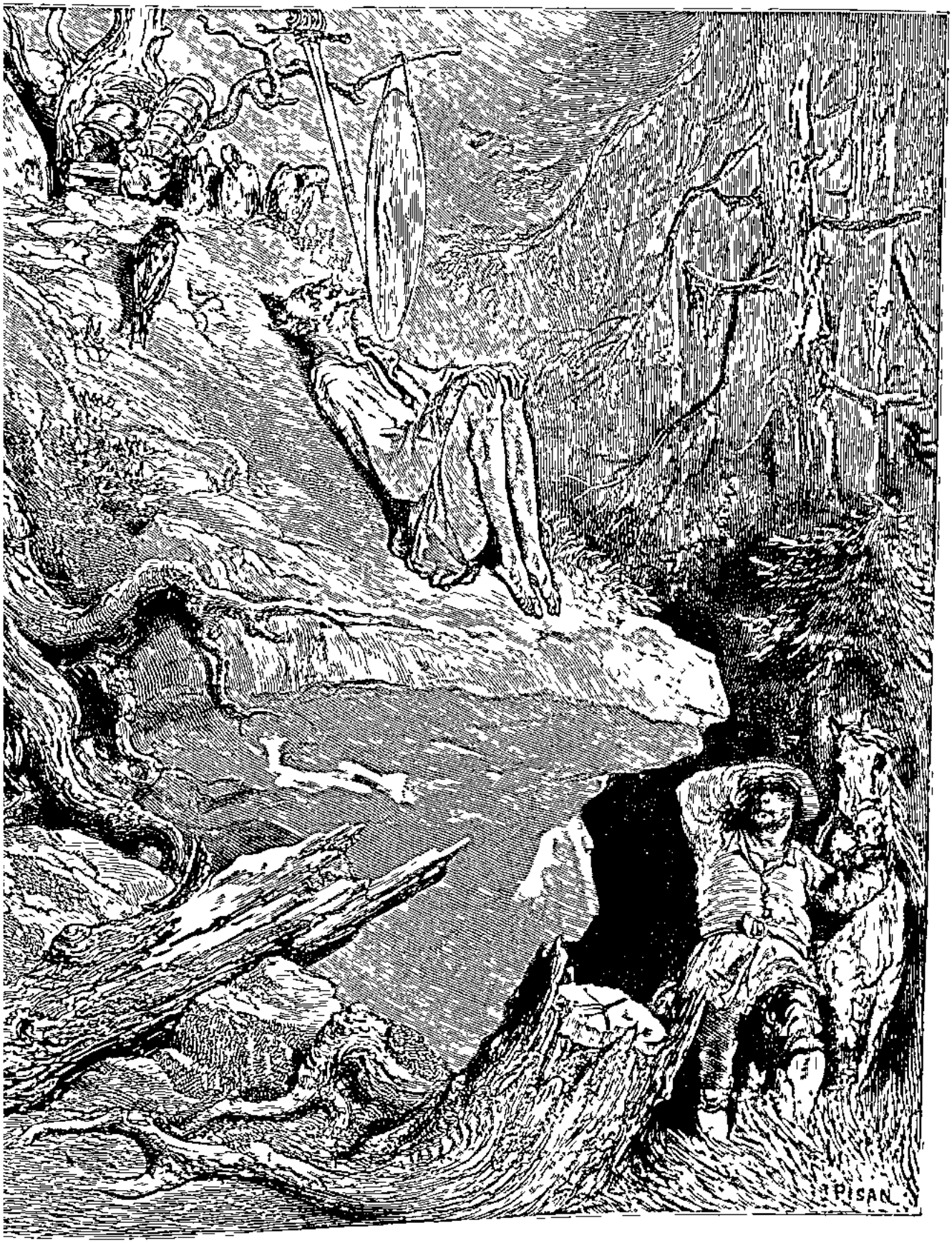


THE BURDEN OF PRIDE.



ADAM AND EVE.





DON QUIXOTE'S MADNESS





THE EVENING MEAL IN PARADISE.



MOURNING BY MOONLIGHT.

PLATE CLXXVI.

THE VISION OF DEATH

THE celebrated passage in the Book of Revelation (vi. 8) about Death and the pale horse is illustrated in this plate. "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."

PLATE CLXXVII.

THE EVENING MEAL IN PARADISE.

IN the Fourth Book of "Paradise Lost" we have a lovely description of Adam and Eve in their state of innocence, plucking the fruits of the garden for their evening meal:—

"Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,—
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong, as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles,
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they." *Lines* 325—340

The figure of Eve is very graceful, and charmingly brought out by the clear running stream and bowery woodland coverture.

PLATE CLXXVIII.

MOURNING BY MOONLIGHT

THE death and obsequies of Atala have already been described. We here see the corpse of the Indian maiden lying on a turf of mountain sensitives. The old hermit kneels on one side, absorbed in prayer; on the other, Chactas, the lover of Atala, sits listlessly, his head bowed down with grief. Over the whole scene the moon sheds a dim light, in harmony with the solemn figures it duskily reveals.

PLATE CLXXIX.

THE HARE AND THE FROGS (LA FONTAINE).

A HARE one day sat meditating on his own excessive timidity. It was a sad thing, he reflected, to have such weak nerves. He was always in alarm about something: a breath of wind or a passing shadow would throw him into a fever. It happened, however, shortly afterwards, that, as he was passing a pond, the frogs leapt in, greatly alarmed at his appearance, and hid themselves in the mud at the bottom. "Oh, oh!" cried he, "then there are creatures as much afraid of me as I am afraid of men! These animals tremble at my approach. I am to them a thunderbolt of war."

The panic-stricken flight of the frogs is most amusing, and very true to nature in the various actions of the little amphibious creatures as they plunge into the water. Huge and monstrous in comparison, the dull, astonished face of the hare looks in between the reeds; and reeds and pond are alike delicately and fancifully touched.

PLATE CLXXX.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO SETTING OUT.

QUIXOTE having obtained the services of Sancho Panza as his squire, mainly by suggesting that some fortunate adventure may confer on him the governorship of an island, they set out at night, and by break of day find themselves beyond the chance of pursuit. Sancho begs his master not to forget his promise of the island; "for I dare say," adds he, "I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big." The Don makes reply, "You must know, friend Sancho, that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered" And then he promises that he will do even more for Sancho, as soon as chance gives him the opportunity. (Part I., Chapter 7.)

The level, vapoury light of early morning, with its long shadows, and its general effect of drowsy calm and freshness, is pictured by M. Doré with great truth and beauty.

PLATE CLXXXI.

SAINT STEPHEN.

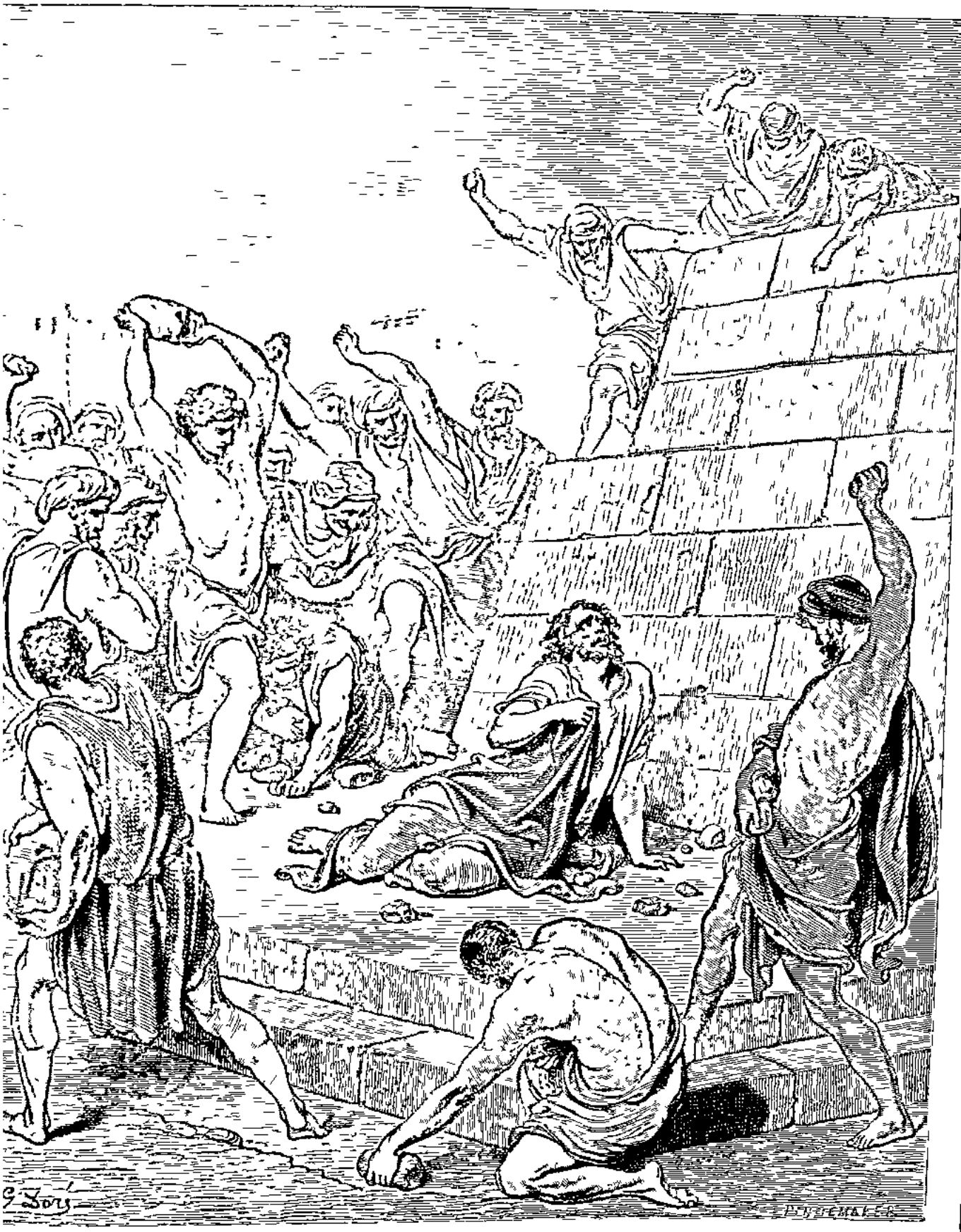
STEPHEN, in answer to the accusation of blasphemy brought against him by the people, delivered a long discourse, in which he upbraided the Jews for their treatment of the



THE HARE AND THE FROGS.



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO SETTING OUT.



SAINT STEPHEN



THE MOUTH OF HELL



THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT.



EZRA IN PRAYER.

prophets. Upon this, the crowd set upon him, and stoned him to death, as we find related in the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The same incident, as seen in a species of vision by Dante when in Purgatory, has been treated by M. Doré among his illustrations to the "Divina Commedia," in an engraving which forms Plate XIII. of the present selection.

PLATE CLXXXII.

THE MOUTH OF HELL.

This plate is founded on the passage in "Paradise Lost" (Book VI., lines 874, 875) in which Hell is described as "yawning" to receive the rebel angels in their rout, after the great struggle for dominion in Heaven. Pursued by vivid lightnings, they are seen sinking into the abyss.

PLATE CLXXXIII.

THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT (LA FONTAINE)

The rat is envious of an elephant, and says—

"Fools! know you not that smallest rats are equal
To biggest elephants? (Alas! the sequel.)
* * * * * *
The cat sprang from her cage; and with one pant
The rat found he was not an elephant!"

PLATE CLXXXIV.

EZRA IN PRAYER.

Wounded in spirit at the people of Israel uniting themselves with strangers, the prophet Ezra "sat astonied until the evening sacrifice;" at which time he rose up from his heaviness, and, having rent his garments, fell on his knees, spread out his hands, and exclaimed, "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, O my God: for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens" (ix. 4—6).

The sentiment of the piece is finely expressed in the mournful evening light that trembles in the clouds, and robes the great austere masses of the city walls.

PLATE CLXXXV.

THE COURT OF THE KING OF SERENDIB.

THIS is the occasion of a visit by Sinbad, the sailor. "The blacks presented me to their king, I approached his throne, and saluted him as I used to do the kings of the Indies, that is to say, I prostrated myself at his feet, and kissed the earth. The prince ordered me to rise up, received me with an obliging air, and made me come up and sit down near him." The king was so much charmed with Sinbad's narrative of his adventures that he went the length of having it "written in letters of gold, and laid up in the archives of his kingdom."

The picture is an amusing one, and shows off the absurd grandeur of a king who had spoken to Sinbad only a minute or two when he assured him that he designed to augment Sinbad's wealth, and not to let him leave until he had impressed the sailor with his riches and liberality. There are also indications of the presence of a licentious spirit in the court of the King of Serendib.

PLATE CLXXXVI.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

THE body of Jesus has just been taken down from the cross, while Mary and the disciples stand around, shadowed with sore grief. The picture is extremely fine, and worthy of the best of the old masters. Nothing can exceed the sorrow depicted in the face of the soul-stricken mother, the pathos of the other figures, the mournful beauty of the dead Christ, or the solemnity of the entire composition.

PLATE CLXXXVII.

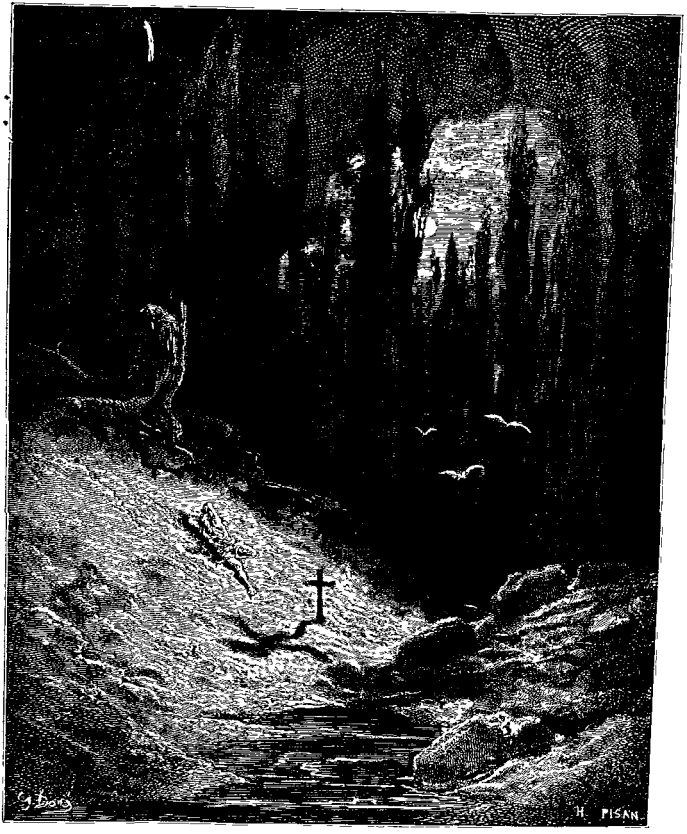
THE VIGIL BY THE GRAVE.

THE magnificent scene here depicted is from "Atala." Chactas is passing a night of sorrow and tender memories over the grave of his recently-buried love. The landscape is full of moonlight and shadow—of mystery, and solitude, and grief. It is one of the most admirable of a glorious set of views, all more or less imbued with a human interest.





THE DEAD CHRIST.



THE VIGIL BY THE GRAVE.